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# VERGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOKS VII.—X.

A TRANSLATION.

*every repd*  
BY

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# VERGIL'S AENEID.

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## BOOK VII.

1. THOU also, Caieta, nurse of *Aeneas*, hast conferred in thy death everlasting fame on our shores: even now thy glory guards thy last home, and thy name marks in mighty Hesperia the spot where thy bones are laid, if that glory be aught. But the good *Aeneas* having duly performed her obsequies, and having raised a mighty funeral-pile, when the deep sea had calmed down, sails on his course and leaves the port behind. Favouring breezes blow far into the night, and the bright moon does not forbid their voyage; the sea glitters beneath her quivering beams. Next they skirt the shores of the land of Circe, where the glorious daughter of the Sun makes the groves, which no man may approach, ring with her ceaseless singing, and in her stately halls burns the fragrant cedar-wood, to give her light by night as she drives the shrill sley through the fine web. Hence were borne to their ears the wrathful roaring of lions fretting at their bonds and moaning late into the night; and bristly boars, too, and bears raged fiercely in their cages, and there howled shapes like great wolves, whom the cruel Goddess Circe, by her potent drugs, had invested with the face and body of wild beasts, depriving them of human form. And that the pious Trojans might not suffer such monstrous transformation should they be carried into these harbours, and might not land on these dread shores, Neptune filled their sails with fair breezes and enabled them to escape, and bore them past the seething shallows.

25. And now the sea was blushing red with the rays of morning, and from high heaven saffron-robed Aurora shone in her rosy car, when the winds fell, and every breath suddenly died away, and the oars are wearily plied in the dead calm sea. Even then from the deep Æneas espies a great grove. Through its midst the Tiber, yellow with thick sand, hurries his pleasant waters in whirling eddies into the ocean. Around and above birds of varied plumage, the frequenters of the banks and channel of the stream, filled the air with soothing songs and fluttered through the grove. He bids his comrades alter their course and turn their prows to the shore, and joyfully enters the shady stream.

37. Be with me now, Erato, and I will set forth the kings and the times of all that happened, and the condition of ancient Latium when first the alien army brought its fleet to the Ausonian shores, and I will recall the beginning of the first battle. Do thou, O Goddess, do thou inspire the bard ! I will tell of grim wars ; I will tell of armies in the field and kings impelled by their courage to the deadly strife, and of the Tuscan band and all Hesperia gathered in arms. A mightier series of events opens before me ; I commence a greater theme.

45. King Latinus, now advanced in age, had long and peacefully ruled over his territory and cities untroubled. We are told that he was the son of Faunus and the Laurentian nymph Marica ; the father of Faunus was Picus ; and he boasts thee, O Saturn, as his parent : thou art the original ancestor of the race ! By the decree of the Gods he had now no son, no male issue, for he that was born to him was taken from him in the dawn of early youth. A daughter alone, now ripe for marriage, and of full age to be a bride, kept his house and vast possessions. Many sought her in marriage, from mighty Latium and from all Ausonia ; but before all the most noble of her suitors was Turnus, who had a great lineage to support his claims, and whom the queen-mother desired most eagerly to become her son-in-law. But divine portents with varying terrors bar the way. A bay-tree grew in the centre of the palace, in the lofty inner court ; its foliage was sacred from the knife, and it had been preserved with awe through many years. It is said that

father Latinus himself found this tree when he was first laying the foundations of his citadel, and that he consecrated it to Phœbus, and from it conferred on the settlers the name of Laurentians. A dense swarm of bees—wonderful to relate—sweeping through the clear air with a mighty humming, occupied its highest summit, and, intertwining their feet, the unexpected swarm hung from the leafy bough. At once the seer spoke: “I behold,” said he, “a stranger coming, and a company making for the same spot as these bees, and coming from the same quarter, and holding sway over the topmost tower of the citadel.” And more than this, while Latinus is firing the altars with holy torches and the Virgin Lavinia is standing near her father, she was seen—a sight of horror—to catch the fire in her long hair, while all her attire blazed with crackling flame, and her royal tresses were kindled, and her crown, decked with jewels, was all in flames; till at last, wrapped in smoke and lurid glow, she scattered the flames through the whole palace. And this indeed was accounted a dread portent as well as one wonderful to see; for they predicted that she would be made illustrious by the brilliant fate in store for her, but that the omen portended a terrible war to the nation. But the king, troubled by these prodigies, visits the oracle of Faunus, his prophetic sire, and consults the groves at the foot of lofty Albunea, which, greatest of woods, resounds with the dashing of sacred waters, and breathes forth pestilential vapours from its dark shade. From this grove the nations of Italy and all the Cœntrian land seek to learn the will of Heaven when they are in doubt what to do: when the priest has brought his offerings hither and has stretched himself at the approach of silent night on the skins of sacrificed ewes, and has sought sleep, he sees many visions flitting in wondrous guise and hears manifold voices, and enjoys converse with the Gods, and addresses the powers of the deepest hell. Here at this time, too, Father Latinus himself, seeking the response of the oracle, duly slaughtered a hundred woolly sheep, and laid himself down to rest on the fleecy hides which he had spread out. Suddenly a voice came to his ears from the deep grove: “Seek not, my son, to mate your daughter with a Latin spouse, nor trust to the mirriage which is within your grasp. From

abroad will come sons-in-law, who by their union with us are to raise our name to heaven, and the descendants of their stock shall see all the world move at their feet in obedience to their sway, wherever the sun in his daily round surveys either ocean." Latinus did not lock within his own lips these responses of his father Faunus, these warnings given him in the silent night; but Rumour, flying far and wide, had borne them through all the cities of Ausonia, when the Trojan youth moored their fleet on the high grassy bank of the river.

107. *Æ*neas and his chief captains, and the beautiful Iulus, stretch their limbs beneath the boughs of a lofty tree, and set forth a feast, and place their viands on cakes of meal laid on the grass—for so great Jove prompted—and they pile the wheaten floor with wild fruits. And here it so chanced that, when all else had been consumed, and the lack of food drove them to attack with bites this their corn bread, and with hand and daring jaw to break the round of the fateful cakes, and to spare not the broad loaves; then quoth Iulus, jesting: "Alas, we eat even our tables!"—just this, no more. This speech was the first to tell them that their labours were ended, and his father caught it up at once as it fell from his lips, and stopped his further speech, awestruck at the manifestation of the will of Heaven. Straightway—"Hail!" said he, "O land, so long my due from Fate, and hail, ye faithful household Gods of Troy! here is our home; this is our country. For my father Anchises, as I now remember, bequeathed to me these secrets of destiny: 'When, my son, you have been carried to unknown shores, and hunger compels you when you have run short of food to eat your tables, then bear in mind that, all your weary wanderings over, you may hope for a home, and remember in that place to build your first dwellings with your hand, and to raise a rampart round them.' This is the hunger that was foretold; this was awaiting us, to come last of all and mark the end of our deadly woes. Come, then, and at sunrise let us joyfully explore what land this is, and what people inhabit it, and where is the chief city of the nation, and let us leave the harbour in different directions. Now pour out your cups in honour of Jupiter, and invoke with your prayers our father

ANCHISES ; then renew the banquet." Having thus spoken, he then wreathes his brows with a leafy bough, and calls in prayer upon the Genius of the place and Tellus, first of the Gods, and the Nymphs and the Streams as yet unknown ; and then he invokes the Night, and the Stars of Night now just rising, and Jove of Ida, and, in due order, the Phrygian Mother, and his two parents, one in heaven the other in the Shades. Then the omnipotent father thundered loudly thrice from high heaven, and, shaking it with his own hand, showed from the clear sky a cloud glowing with rays of golden light. Then suddenly through the Trojan band runs the rumour that the day has come on which they are to found their destined city. Eagerly they renew the feast, and joyously, in consequence of this great omen, set forth the bowls and wreath the cups with flowers.

148. As soon as the dawn of the next day shed its first light on the earth, they go in different directions and explore the city and territory and shores of the people ; and they find that this is the pool of the fountain Numicius, that the river is the Tiber, and that in this land dwell the brave Latini. Then Anchises' son bids a hundred ambassadors, chosen from his whole band, to approach the august city of the king, all wreathed with branches of Pallas' tree, and to bear gifts for the hero, and to crave peace for the Trojans. Without delay they hasten on their mission and proceed with swift steps. He himself the while traces out the lines of his ramparts with a shallow trench and lays the foundations of the place, and surrounds his first settlement on the shore after the manner of a camp with a mound and battlements. And now the warriors had completed their journey, and saw before them the towers and lofty buildings of the Latini, and were approaching the wall. Before the city boys and young men in the first bloom of youth are being trained in horsemanship, and are breaking in their teams on the dusty plain, or are bending strong bows, or hurling with great force tough javelins, and challenge each other to race or box. Then, riding in advance, a messenger bears the tidings to the ears of the aged king that some mighty men in foreign garb had arrived. He orders that they should be invited to enter his palace, and seats himself in the midst of his court on his ancestral

throne. A noble pile of vast size raised aloft on a hundred columns stood on the highest ground in the city, the palace of Laurentine Picus, regarded with awe for its grove and the reverence owed to their sires. It was a custom of good omen that here the king should first receive the sceptre, here should first assume the fasces. This building was their senate-house; in it they celebrated their sacred banquets, and in it, after sacrificing a ram, the fathers were wont to take their seats at long tables. And, besides, the images of their ancestors in due order carved out of old cedar-wood, Italus and Father Sabinus, first planter of the vine—his image bearing a curved pruning-hook—and ancient Saturn, and the image of Janus with his double face stood in the vestibule; and other kings, going back to the early days of the nation, who had shed their blood in battle fighting for their country. And many trophies of arms besides hang on the sacred portals; chariots taken in war, and curved axes, and crested helmets, and mighty doors, and javelins and shields, and beaks stripped from ships. And Picus himself, tamer of steeds, was placed there, bearing the augur's staff of Quirinus, and girt with a scanty toga, while in his left hand he carried a shield;—he whom his bride, Circe, seized with passionate love for him, struck with her golden rod and transformed into a bird by her drugs, shedding bright colours on his wings. Within such a temple of the Gods, and seated on his fathers' throne, Latinus summoned the Trojans to his presence into the palace, and thus gently addressed them on their entrance:

195. "Say, sons of Dardanus (for we are not ignorant from what city you come and of what race you are, and we have heard of your approach over the sea), for what reason or lacking what have you in your ships been wafted to the Ausonian shore over so many dark waters. Whether through mistaking your course or through being driven out of it by storms (for many sufferings like this must be endured by sailors on the deep sea) you have entered between the banks of our river and rested in our harbour, fly not from our hospitality, and know well that the Latins are the descendants of Saturn, made righteous by no tie nor laws, but keeping themselves from wrong by their own free will, and

by the rule of their ancient God. And I remember—through lapse of years the tradition waxes somewhat dim—that the old men of the Aurunci tell how from this land Dardanus sprang, and hence penetrated to the Phrygian towns at the foot of Ida, and to the Thracian Samos which is now called Samothrace. Him who started from this land, from his Tyrrhene abode at Corythus, a golden palace now receives on the floor of heaven glittering with stars, and he increases the number of the Gods with his altars."

212. He ceased speaking. And thus spoke Ilioneus in reply: "O king, of the glorious race of Faunus, no black storm has driven us over the seas and forced us to approach your land; no star nor landmark has led us astray from our course: we are all of set purpose, and of our own free will brought to this city, having been driven out from the mightiest kingdom which erstwhile the Sun beheld as he came from the ends of heaven. From Jove sprang our race: the Dardan youth boast Jove as their ancestor. Our king, the Trojan Æneas, himself descended from the supreme Jove, has sent us to your doors. What a mighty storm was poured forth from fierce Mycenæ, and spent itself on the plains below Ida;—what were the fortunes of the struggle in which were opposed to each other the Eastern and the Western Worlds;—even he has heard whom the furthest lands against which the ocean beats keeps far away; even he whom the region of the cruel Sun, extending through the midst of the four zones, separates from the rest of the world. Escaped from that deluge, borne hither over the ocean waste, we ask but a little home for our household Gods, but a strip of coast on which we may dwell inoffensively, and the air and water which are free to all. We shall not prove a disgrace to your realm, nor will the story of your kindness be a slight one, nor will our gratitude for what you have done easily die away, nor will the Ausonii repent of having welcomed the Trojans with open arms. I swear by the destiny of Æneas, and by his strong right hand—strong whenever anyone has made proof of it as friend or foe—many peoples, many nations,—(disdain us not, because of our own accord we offer with our hands chaplets, and address to you words of supplication)—have sought and wished to

unite us with themselves. But the oracles of the Gods by their commands have compelled us to seek out your shores. From this land sprang Dardanus: Apollo recalls us hither, and with his weighty mandate impels us to seek the Tuscan Tiber and the sacred waters of the Numician spring. Our king offers to you, besides, these poor gifts, relics of his former greatness, snatched from the flames of Troy. With this golden cup Father Anchises was wont to pour libations at the altar; these were the insignia of Priam, when, as was his wont, he administered justice to his people in full assembly; this sceptre, this sacred tiara, and these robes the work of Ilian dames."

249. While Ilioneus thus speaks Latinus keeps his face fixed on the ground in one set gaze and sits motionless, as though rooted to the ground, moving only his attentive eyes. Neither the embroidered purple robe, nor the sceptre of Priam, so much moves the king as do the thoughts of his daughter's union in marriage, on which he dwells as he revolves in his breast the oracle of ancient Faunus. He reflects that this hero, who had set out from a foreign home, was the man fore-destined by the fates to be his son-in-law, and to become his colleague in the kingdom with equal power: that to him would be born an offspring conspicuous for its valour, and destined by its might to make itself master of the whole world. At last he says joyfully: "May the Gods speed our undertakings and the fulfilment of their own augury! You shall have, Trojan, what you desire. Nor do I spurn your gifts. While Latinus is king you shall not lack a wealth of rich soil, nor miss the opulence of Troy. Only let Aeneas come himself if his desire for us is so great, if he is eager to be bound to us by the ties of hospitality and to be called our ally, and let him not shrink from the faces of his friends: a condition of my league shall be that I have clasped the hand of your king. Do you now in reply bear back to him this message from me. I have a daughter whom the oracles which come from my father's shrine and numerous portents from Heaven forbid me to unite to a husband of our nation: they predict that this is the destiny of Latium, that a son-in-law shall come hither from a foreign land, who by his union with us is to raise our name to the stars. That

this is he whom the fates demand I both think and, if my mind in aught presages truly, I also hope." Having thus spoken, the father picked out horses from his whole stable. Three hundred sleek steeds stood in the lofty stalls. Forthwith for all the Trojans he orders swift horses to be led out in order, decked with embroidered purple housings: of gold are the necklets that hang suspended from their breasts, of gold are their coverings, red gold they champ with their teeth; but for the absent Aeneas he has brought forth a chariot and a pair of chariot horses of celestial breed, breathing fire from their nostrils, of the race of those which the wily Circe raised up by stealth, to her father's loss, the spurious offspring of a mare secretly introduced to his stable. Charged with these gifts and these words of Latinus, the followers of Aeneas return mounted on their horses and bring back a message of peace.

286. But lo! the cruel spouse of Jove was returning from Argos, the town of Inachus, and was holding her flight in mid-air, when she saw from far away in the sky, even from the Sicilian Pachynus, the exultant Aeneas and the Dardan fleet. She sees that they are already building houses, are already trusting to the land, that they have deserted their ships. She stopped short, pierced by sharp grief. Then, shaking her head, she poured these words from her heart: "Alas! hated race, and fates of the Trojans battling with mine! Can they really have fallen on the Sigean plains? Can those captives really have been captured? Did the flames of Troy really consume her warriors? They have found a way of escape through the midst of their enemies, through the midst of the flames. But methinks my power is at last wearied out, or I am now quiescent, having glutted my hatred to the full—nay, but I dared to follow them with my wrath over the waves when they were hurled from their homes, and to oppose myself to the fugitives over the whole deep. All the powers of sea and land have been exhausted against the Trojans. What have the Syrtes, or Scylla, or the vast Charybdis availed me? They are lodged in the longed-for channel of the Tiber, free from all care of ocean or of me. Mars had power to destroy the gigantic race of the Lapithae: the father of the Gods himself gave up ancient

Calydon to the wrath of Diana. For what guilt so great did either the Lapithæ or Calydon deserve punishment? Yet I, the mighty spouse of Jove, who,—wretched that I am!—have deigned to leave nothing untried, who have resorted to all means, am conquered by Æneas. But, if my own power is not sufficiently great, there is no power anywhere I would hesitate to beseech. If I cannot influence the powers of Heaven I will stir up Acheron. Granted that I shall not be able to prevent him from becoming King of Latium, and that Lavinia remains destined by fate to be his bride, still I may protract matters and cause delay in such great events: still I may destroy the peoples of both kings. Let father-in-law and son-in-law be joined at this price of their own people. Thou shalt be dowered, maiden, with Trojan and Rutulian blood, and Bellona awaits thee to aid thy bridal. Not the daughter of Cisseus alone, pregnant with a torch, brought forth nuptial flames—nay, Venus shall have just such another son of her own, a second Paris, the torch a second time bringing death upon the new-risen Pergamum."

323. When she had uttered these words the dread Goddess sought the earth, and summons the baleful Alecto from the abode of the fell Goddesses, and the infernal Shades, to whom are dear sad wars, and strifes, and treachery, and injurious crimes. Even her father Pluto himself hates her; her sisters in Tartarus hate the monster; into so many aspects does she turn herself, so savage is her face, so thick on her head the black snakes sprout. Her Juno inflames with these words, and thus addresses her: "Virgin, daughter of Night, perform this work for me, which is after thine own heart; do me this service, that my honour and glory may not be impaired and give way, and that the followers of Æneas may not succeed in winning over Latinus by a marriage or settling in Italian territory. Thou canst set brothers, erstwhile of one mind, in arms against each other, and vex households with hatred; thou canst introduce thy scourges and firebrands into houses; thou hast a thousand names, a thousand means of ill. Stir up thy breast, fertile in mischief; break this peace that has been agreed upon; sow complaints, the seed of strife. Let the youth at once desire, demand, and seize their arms."

341. Then Alecto, steeped in the poison of the Gorgons, seeks first Latium and the stately palace of the Laurentine king, and in the dead silence of the night sits down before the threshold of Amata, whom woman's cares and woman's wrath were fretting by reason of the coming of the Trojans and the thwarting of Turnus' marriage. On her the goddess hurls a single snake detached from her dark tresses, and sets it to steal into her bosom—into her heart of hearts—that she, maddened by this monstrous visitant, may throw the whole house into wild confusion. Gliding between her garments and her smooth breast, it winds without sensible touch ; and breathes in its poisonous breath unperceived by the maddened queen. The huge snake becomes a collar of twisted gold on her neck, becomes the trailing ends of her long fillet, and binds her hair, and writhes its slimy length over her limbs. And while the plague, stealing in with moist venom, affects her senses and wraps her bones in fire, while her mind has not as yet received the flame in her whole breast, she spoke more softly and as mothers wont to speak, grieving much about her daughter and this Phrygian marriage : “ O father ! and is Lavinia to be given in marriage to the Trojan exiles ? And hast thou no pity for thy daughter or thyself ? Hast thou no pity for the mother whom, when the first north wind blows, this treacherous pirate will abandon, steering for the open sea with the maiden he has carried off ? Why, did not the Phrygian shepherd just in this wise enter Lacedæmon and bear off Helen, Læda's daughter, to the city of Troy ? Where is now thy solemnly pledged word ? Where is now the love thou once didst bear to thine own people, and the friendship so often testified to thy kinsman Turnus ? If a son-in-law sprung from a foreign stock is sought for the Latini, and if this is settled, and the commands of thy father Faunus press hard upon thee ; for my part I think all the land is foreign which is free and independent of our rule, and that this is the meaning of the Gods. And, if the first origin of his house be sought, Inachus and Acerisius were the ancestors of Turnus ; his country was the heart of Mycenæ.”

373. When with these words she had in vain assailed Latinus, and saw him firmly withstand her, and the maddening venom of the serpent penetrated her inmost veins, and

pervaded her whole frame, then, indeed, the wretched woman, inflamed by monstrous phantasies, in wild frenzy raged unrestrained up and down through the mighty city. As sometimes a top flying hither and thither under the strokes of the twisted lash, which boys in a great circle drive about a vacant hall intent on the game: driven by the thong it speeds on its curved course; and the band of striplings wonders at the spinning boxwood; the lashes give it life:—no less wildly than this the queen is borne in her course through the midst of the city and the warlike inhabitants. Nay more, she rushes out into the woods, feigning to be stirred by Bacchus, attempting a greater crime, commencing a wilder frenzy, and hides her daughter in the leafy mountains that she may rob the Trojans of the marriage, and stay the lighting of the nuptial torch, shrilling out, “Evoe, Bacchus!” shouting, “Thou alone art worthy of the maiden; for that for thee she takes the bending thyrsi, thee she worships in the dance, in thy honour she grows the sacred tress.” Fame flies forth, and the same frenzy drives all the matrons at the same time, fired with madness in their hearts, to seek new abodes. They quit their homes, they give their hair and necks to the winds; while others fill the air with shrill and tremulous cries, and clad in fawn skins, raise their vine-wreathed wands. She, herself raging, bears in their midst a blazing torch of pine, and sings the nuptial hymn for her daughter and Turnus, rolling her blood-shot eyes, and suddenly she fiercely shouts: “Ho, Latin matrons! give ear to me all of you, where'er you be! if in your good hearts there still lives any affection for the wretched Amata, if any care for a mother's rights still affects you, unbind the fillets from your hair, and begin these wild rites with me.” In such wise through the woods and the desert haunts of wild beast does Alecto drive the queen, plying her on all sides with the goads of Bacchus.

406. When she seemed to have made wild enough this first access of frenzy, and to have troubled the plans and the whole house of Latinus, forthwith the gloomy Goddess flies hence on dark wings to the walls of the bold Rutulian, the city which Danaë is said to have founded with her Acrisian colonists, driven thither by the rushing south wind. The place was erstwhile called Ardea by our forefathers; and even

now Ardea retains its great name ; but its prosperity is past. Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus was wrapped in deepest sleep in the dark night. Alecto puts off her grim aspect and her fearful form ; she transforms herself into the appearance of an old woman, and furrows her ill-omened brow with wrinkles. She assumes gray locks and a fillet ; then wreathes herself with olive branches, and appears as Calybe, the aged servant of Juno and priestess of her temple, and with these words presents herself before the young man's eyes : " Turnus, wilt thou suffer so many labours to have been spent in vain, and the sceptre thou wast to inherit to be assigned to the Dardan colonists ? The king denies to thee the marriage and the dower thou hast purchased with thy blood, and an heir of alien blood is sought for his kingdom. Go now ! expose thyself to thankless perils ; be an object of ridicule ; go ! overthrow the Tuscan ranks ; give the Latins peace by thy protecting aid ! This it was that the all-powerful daughter of Saturn herself bade me plainly tell thee when thou shouldst be lying asleep in the still night. Come, therefore ! joyfully prepare, that thy men be armed and march out to war from the gates. Destroy these Phrygian leaders who have settled on thy fair stream ; consume their painted ships. The mighty power of the Gods calls thee. Let King Latinus himself, unless he consents to give thee thy bride and keep his word, feel, and even now experience, the might of Turnus armed."

435. Then the youth, mocking at the priestess, thus in reply addresses her : " The news that a fleet has been carried into Tiber's stream has not, as thou thinkest, escaped my ears. Do not conjure up such terrors to frighten me ; Queen Juno does not forget me ; but old age, yielding to decay, and having lost all power to foretell the truth, troubles thee, O mother, with idle cares, and mocks the prophetess with unreal terrors among visions of warring kings. It is thy task to tend the images of the Gods and the temples. Let men, by whom wars must be waged, manage wars and peace."

445. At such words Alecto burst into wild rage, while a sudden tremor seized on the limbs of the youth even as he spoke ; his eyes are fixed with fear, with so many snakes does

the fury hiss, and so huge a shape unfolds itself. Then rolling her glancing eyes, she drove him back as he hesitated and strove to speak further, and lifted from her hair two snakes, and cracked her whip and spoke thus from her rabid mouth : "So I am she whom old age, yielding to decay and having lost all power to foretell the truth, mocks with imaginary terrors among visions of warring kings. Regard all this : I have come from the abode of the fell sisters ; I bear in my hand war and death." So saying, she hurled a torch at the youth, and fixed the brand wrapped in lurid glare deep in his breast. Then a great panic broke his sleep, and sweat burst forth from his whole body and drenched his limbs even to the bones. In mad terror he shrieks for his weapons and seeks them in his couch and all through the palace. Love of the sword and the accursed mad lust for war, and, above all, wrath, rage in his soul : as when the blazing faggots crackling loudly are piled beneath the sides of a bubbling caldron, the water leaps wildly with the heat, the volume of imprisoned water seethes steaming and rises high in foam, and now the wave can no longer be restrained, and dense clouds of steam fly to heaven. Therefore he bids the first of his warriors to break the peace and march against King Latinus, and gives orders that arms should be made ready, and exhorts them to protect Italy, and to drive the enemy from their territories, saying that he could well withstand Trojans and Latins together. When he had thus spoken and called the Gods to witness his vows, the Rutuli emulously exhort one another to arms. Some are moved by the surpassing glory of his youthful beauty, some by his royal ancestry, some by the splendid deeds of his hand.

475. While Turnus is inspiring the Rutuli with bold courage, Alecto hastens on infernal wings into the midst of the Trojans, with new device spying out the place where, on the shore, the fair Iulus was assailing his game with snare and speed of foot. Here the maiden from Cocytus afflicted the dogs with sudden madness, and brought to their nostrils a well-known scent so that they hotly pursued a stag ; and this was the first origin of all the troubles, and first roused the rustic mind to war. There was a stag of surpassing beauty of form and with huge antlers, which had been taken

from its mother's teat, and which the sons of Tyrrheus nourished, and their sire, Tyrrheus himself, whom the royal flocks and herds obey, and to whom is committed the care of the wide pasture-lands. Their sister Silvia would with loving care deck it when it had learned to obey her rule, twining its horns with soft garlands, and would comb the wild thing's coat and wash it in the pure waters of the spring. Patient of control and accustomed to its master's table, it would wander in the woods, and of its own accord betake itself home again to the well-known door, however late at night. This stag straying far afield, the furious dogs of Iulus, as he followed the chase, started, when he chanced to be floating down the current of the river, and cooling his heat on the grassy bank. Ascanius himself, too, fired with the desire to win great praise, bent his bow and aimed a shaft at him. Nor did the God leave his hand to falter, and, loudly whizzing as it flew, the arrow pierced the belly and flanks of the stag. But the wounded beast sought refuge beneath the well-known roof, and moaning approached its stall, and, all crimsoned in its blood, in suppliant guise filled the whole house with its lamentation. Sister Silvia, first striking her arms with her hands, calls for assistance, and by her cries brings together the hardy rustics. They,—for the fell monster is lying hid in the silent woods,—come up with unlooked-for speed, one armed with a charred brand, another with a cudgel covered with abundant knots; what each man first came upon in hurried search wrath made a weapon. Tyrrheus summons his bands, just as he chanced to be splitting into four an oak with wedges driven home, axe in hand, panting with savage rage. But the fierce Goddess, seizing from her watching-place the time for doing ill, seeks the high roof of the dwelling, and from the topmost ridge shrills out the shepherds' call, and on the curved horn sends forth a main her infernal voice, with which forthwith all the grove trembled, and the woods echoed to their depths; and the mere of Diana heard it afar off; and the river Nar heard it, white with its sulphurous water, and the springs of Velinus; and mothers in alarm pressed their children to their hearts. Then, indeed, the sturdy husbandmen, snatching up their weapons, swiftly flock together from all sides when the dread

trumpet gave the signal; and the Trojan youth no less, throwing open the gates of the camp, pours forth to aid Ascanius. They drew up their lines of battle. No rustic contest is now waged with rough cudgels or charred stakes, but they contend with two-edged steel, and the black host bristles far and wide with drawn swords, and brazen armour glitters smitten by the sun, and throws its light up to the clouds. As when the waves begin to grow white when the wind first strikes them, the sea gradually rises, and tosses its waters higher, and then from its lowest depths heaves itself up to the very heavens. Here in the van of the fight young Almo, who had been the eldest of Tyrrheus' sons, is laid low with a whizzing arrow; for the deadly shaft lodged deep in his throat and cut off the moist passage of his voice, and choked with blood the airy life. Many bodies of heroes are laid low around him, and the aged Galæsus, while he thrusts himself between to plead for peace,—he who was the most just and erstwhile the richest man in the Ausonian land. Five flocks of bleating sheep, five herds of cattle, returned each night to his stalls, and he tilled his lands with a hundred ploughs.

540. And while this strife is being waged in the plains with doubtful issue, the Goddess, having fulfilled her promise, when she had set the war on foot with blood, and had commenced the fight with death, leaves Hesperia, and whirling upwards through the air, triumphantly she addresses Juno with haughty voice: "Lo, discord has been perfected for you in gloomy war—now bid them unite in friendship and form treaties with each other. Since, indeed, I have sprinkled the Trojans with Ausonian blood, this further work I will do for you if once I am assured that it is your pleasure. By the reports I spread I will bring the neighbouring cities into the war, and will fire their minds with the lust for maddening strife, so that from all sides they may come together to bring aid. I will spread arms over the whole country-side." Then Juno replied: "Of panic and treachery there is enough. Causes of war are now assured; they are fighting hand to hand in arms; freshly-spilled blood has stained the arms which chance first supplied. Let Venus' noble son and King Latinus himself after this fashion celebrate the marriage

and the nuptial rites. But the great father, who rules on the summit of Olympus, does not wish thee to wander too freely in the upper air. Begone from hence ; I myself will direct whatever fate of trouble remains." So spoke the daughter of Saturn ; but the other spread her whirring serpent wings and sought her abode in Cocytus, leaving the heights of upper air. There is a place in the midst of Italy, at the foot of lofty mountains, noted and told of by fame in many lands, the vale of Amsanctus ; this a black border of wood encloses on all sides with dense foliage, and in the midst a roaring torrent resounds as its waters swirl around the rocks. Hero is shown an awful cavern, and the vent of horrid Dis, and a huge chasm formed by the bursting of Acheron opes its pestilential jaws, in which the Fury was swallowed up, the hateful fiend, and relieved of her presence earth and heaven.

572. And no less, meanwhile, does the queen, the daughter of Saturn, put the finishing touches to the war. The whole body of shepherds break up their battle array and pour into the city, and bring back the slain—the young Almo~~nes~~ and Galæsus, with his face all mangled—and implore the gods, and appeal to Latinus. Turnus is present, and in the midst of the ~~fiery~~ outcry ~~against the~~ slaughter redoubles their terror, crying out that the Trojans are being called to share the sovereign power, that a Phrygian stock is being mingled with them, and that he himself is being driven from the royal house ; then those, whose women inspired by Bacchus dance in sacred bands through the pathless woods—for of no little weight is the name of Amata—collect and assemble on all sides and importune for war. Forthwith all, in spite of the omens, in defiance of the decrees of the Gods, with will malign demand war ; eagerly they surround the palace of King Latinus ; he resists like an immovable rock of the sea—like a rock of the sea when the great waves come roaring in, which stands firm by its mass though many billows bluster round it ; in vain the crags and foam-covered reefs resound around it, and the sea-weed dashed against the cliff swirls back. But when no power is given to him to overcome their blind purpose, and matters go as cruel Juno wills, the father calls to witness many a time the Gods and the void air ; " Alas ?" quoth he, " we are shipwrecked by the Fates ; we are carried

away before the storm ; you, yourselves, wretched men, will pay the penalty for this with your sacrilegious blood. For thee, O Turnus, horror—for thee a sad punishment is in store ; thou shalt worship heaven with vows that come too late ; for me, my rest is won, and all my harbour is at hand. I only lose a happy burial." And saying no more than this, he shut himself within his palace, and gave up the reins of sovereignty.

601. There was a custom in Hesperian Latium which thenceforth the Alban cities observed as sacred, which Rome the mistress of the world holds sacred now, when they first move the God of War to battle—whether with the strong hand to bear tear-fraught war against the Getæ, or whether they are making preparations against the Hyrcani or the Arabs, or are making for the far East, and following up the Goddess of Morning, and claiming the standards from the Parthi. There are twin gates of war, for so they are called, sanctified by religious feeling, and the dread influence of fierce Mars. A hundred brazen bolts close them, and the eternal strength of iron ; and their guardian Janus never leaves the threshold. These gates, these sounding portals, the consul himself unbars when the deliberate will of the fathers decides for war, decked with the robe of Quirinus, and girt up in Gabine fashion. He himself calls to war ; then the rest of the youth follows him, and the brazen horns bray out in hoarse chorus. Thus at that time, too, King Latinus was bidden to proclaim war against the followers of Æneas, according to custom, and to open the woeful gates. The Father refused to touch them, and fled with shrinking horror from this hateful office, and hid himself in gloomy shades. Then Saturn's daughter, Queen of the Gods, gliding from the sky, with her own hand smote the lingering doors, and burst open on their turning hinges the iron-bound gates of war : Ausonia, before this unexcited and loth to move, is all in a blaze ; some prepare on foot to advance over the plains, some mounted on tall steeds rage through clouds of dust ; all seek arms. Some burnish their polished shields and bright bucklers with rich fat, and whet their axes on the stone ; and they rejoice to bear forward their standards and to hear the sound of the trumpets. Just five mighty cities,

setting up their anvils, prepare their arms—powerful Atin, and Tibur in her pride of place, and Ardea and Crustumeri and Antemnae with its crown of towers. They fashion hollow helmets to keep their heads in safety, and weave the wicker-plait of shields; others hammer out corselets of bronze or polished greaves of stubborn silver. To this has given place the honour paid to share and sickle, to this all love of the plough; they forge anew in the furnace the swords of their fathers. And now the bugles sound; the watchword goes forth, the sign for war. One in wild haste snatches his helmet from his hall; another compels beneath the yoke his foaming steeds, and dons his shield and triple mail of gold, and girds himself with his trusty sword.

641. Open wide now the gates of Helicon, ye Goddesses, and inspire my strains, as I tell what kings were summoned forth to war; what forces followed each and filled the plains; with what heroes our dear land of Italy even then abounded with what arms she burned. Ye, O Goddesses, both remember and can tell what you remember. The faint breath of fame scarce reaches us. Wild Mezentius first, who mocks even at heaven, from Tyrrhene shores begins the war and arms his band. Next to him came his son, Lausus, than whom none other was more beautiful, save the fair form of Turnus of Laurentum—Lausus, tamer of steeds and subduer of wild beasts, leads in vain the thousand warriors who followed him from his city of Agylla: worthy of being happier in his father's commands, and of having a father other than Mezentius.

655. After these Aventinus, the glorious son of the glorious Hercules, shows on the grassy plain his palm-decked chariot and conquering steeds, and on his shield he bears his father's device—a hundred snakes and the Hydra girt with serpents: whom in the wood of Mount Aventinus the priestess Rhea bore in stealthy birth up to the shores of light, the woman having been mated with the God, when, after crushing Geryon, the victorious Hercules visited the Laurentian land, and laved the Hiberian steers in Tiber's wave. His men bear in their hands into the fight javelins and cruel pikes, and fight with the slender sword and Sabine spear. He himself on foot, swinging the huge skin of a lion, rough with terrible mane, his head crowned with its

white teeth, in this guise entered the palace, all shaggy, his shoulders wreathed in the garb of Hercules.

670. Then twin brothers leave the walls of Tibur; the nation was so called from the name of their brother Tibertus. Catillus and high-spirited Coras, sons of Argos, advance in the van of all, amid the showering missiles; as when two cloud-born centaurs descend from the lofty summit of a mountain, leaving in rapid course Homole and snowy Othrys; the great wood makes way for them as they rush on, and the thickets fall before them with mighty crash. Nor was Cæculus absent, the founder of the city of Præneste, the king whom all his age believed to have been born to Vulcan among the cattle of the field, and to have been found on the hearth. Him follows a wide-spreading band of rustics, both those who inhabit high Præneste, and, those who dwell in the fields of Gabian Juno, and those who live near the chill Anio, and the rocks of the Hernici bedewed with streams, those whom the wealthy Anagnia nurtures, and those whom thou supportest, Father Amasenus. All of these have not arms, nor ringing spears nor chariots; most of them sling balls of livid lead; some bear in hand two javelins, and they have as coverings for their heads tawny caps of wolf-skin; they plant their left foot on the ground bare; a sandal of raw hide protects the other. But Messapus, tamer of steeds, offspring of Neptune, whom no one might lay low with fire or sword, has long ago called to arms his peaceful subjects and his bands long unused to war, and handles his sword again. These form the lines of Fescennium and the Aequi Falisci; these hold the heights of Soracte and the Flavinian fields, and the lake and mountain of Ciminus and the groves of Capena. They marched in measured time, and sang the praises of their king: as sometimes when snowy swans are returning from their feeding-ground through the yielding air, and utter melodious strains through their long necks, the river and the far-off Asian fen re-echo the sound. And no one would have thought them mail-clad armies assembled in such a vast band, but a flock of hoarse-voiced birds passing through the air from the deep waters to the shore.

706. Behold Clausus, scion of an ancient Sabine stock, leading a mighty host, and himself equal to a mighty host:

from whom descended the Claudian tribe and race is now spread throughout Latium, after Rome had been shared with the Sabines. Together came a mighty band from Amiternum, and the people of ancient Cures, and the whole garrison of Eretum and Mutusca, rich in olives ; those who dwell in Nomentum, those who dwell in the Rosean fields through which Velinus flows, and those who inhabit the rugged rocks of Tetrica and Mount Severus and Casperia and Foruli, and live beside the stream of Himella ; those who drink the waters of the Tiber and Fabaris ; those whom chill Nursia has sent forth ; the armies of Horta, and the tribes of Latium ; and those whose territory the stream of Allia—ill-starred name—divides and laves : as many as are the waves that roll in the Libyan Sea when fierce Orion sets in the wintry deep, or as the thickest ears of corn when they are scorched by the early summer sun, either in the plain watered by Hermus, or in the golden fields of Lycia. Their shields clash, and the earth trembles beneath their heavy tread.

723. Next Halaesus, Agamemnon's friend, hater of the Trojan race, yokes his horses to his car, and hurries with him a thousand brave peoples to Turnus' aid—those who with their hoes till the land on Massicus teeming with wine, those whom their fathers in Aurunca sent from their lofty hills, and those whom the plains of the Sidicini near the sea sent forth, and those who leave Cales, and those who dwell beside the shoaly stream of Volturnus, and with them the Saticulan and the bands of the Osei. Polished javelins are their weapons, but these it is their custom to fit with a pliant thong. A short shield protects their left side ; for close quarters they have curved swords.

733. Nor shalt thou, O Ebalus, depart unsung in our lay, said to be the son of Telon by the nymph Sebethis, when he held sway over Capreae of the Teleboæ, being already somewhat advanced in years ; but the son was not, as the father had been, content with his family possessions, and even then controlled in widely extended sovereignty the peoples of the Sarastes and the plains which Sarnus waters, and those who dwell in Rufrae and Batulum and the fields of Celemna, and those on whom look down the walls of Abella fair with orchards ; who are wont in German fashion to hurl darts,

whose heads are covered with bark taken from the cork-tree, and their targes glitter with brazen plates, and their swords with brass.

744. Thee, too, O Ufens, steep Nersa sent to the war, well known to fame and distinguished for success in fight; whose people were the *Equiculi*, rude beyond all others, and trained to all kinds of hunting in the woods and to stubborn soil. In arms they till their land, and they ever delight in carrying off fresh booty and living on their plunder.

750. And, besides, from the race of the Marsi came the priest, his helmet decked with the leaves of the fruitful olive, at the bidding of King Archippus, the valiant Umbro, who was wont with hand and charm to shed sleep on the race of vipers and hydras with their poisonous breath, and would soothe their wrath and assuage the venom of their bite by his art. But he had not the power to heal the dint of the Dardan spear, nor did his drowsy charms, and herbs culled on Marsian hills, avail him against wounds. Thee the grove of Anguitia, thee Fucinus with glassy wave, thee the clear lakes, lamented.

761. Forth, too, came Virbius, the son of Hippolytus, glorious in war, whom his mother Aricia sent forth resplendent, reared in the groves of Egeria, round the dank shores where also is the rich and kindly altar of Diana. For report has it that Hippolytus, when by his stepmother's craft he had fallen, and with his blood fulfilled his father's vengeance, dragged to his death by his frightened steeds, again returned to see the stars of the firmament and breathe the upper airs of heaven, brought back to life by the drugs of Paeon and the love of Diana. Then the omnipotent father, in wrath that any mortal should rise from the shades below to the light of life, himself with his thunderbolt hurled Phœbus' son, the discoverer of such leechcraft, down to the waves of Styx. But the kindly Trivia hides Hippolytus away in a secret abode, and consigns him to the nymph Egeria and her grove, where solitary and unknown he might pass his life in the Italian woods, and might become Virbius, changing his name. Whence also horny-hoofed horses are driven from the temple of Trivia and her sacred groves because they overturned the chariot and, terrified by the

marine monsters, hurled out the youth on the shore. None the less for this did his son drive his fiery steeds over the level plain and rush in his chariot to the war.

783. Turnus himself, in full panoply, moves among the foremost warriors, of surpassing beauty, overtopping the others by his whole head. His high-plumed helmet, with triple crest, bears a chimaera, breathing out from its jaws flames like those of Aetna; and she raves the more, and is more fierce with baleful flames, the more the fight grows grim with outpoured blood. But Io, in gold, with upraised horns, was the device on his polished shield; Io already covered with hair, having become a heifer—a wonderful work of art—and Argus, the guardian of the maiden, and Father Inachus pouring the river from his embossed urn. A cloud of foot-soldiers follows him, and the shielded bands, in close array, cover the whole plain: the Argive youth and the bands of the Auruncæ, the Rutuli and the old Sicani, and the hosts of the Sacrani and the Labici with emblazoned shields: and those who plough thy glades, Tiberinus, and the sacred shore of Numicus, and till with their share the Rutulian hills and the hill of Circe, and those fields over which Jupiter of Anxur reigns, and Feronia rejoicing in her green grove; where lies the black marsh of Satura, and chill Ufens seeks a path through the depths of the valleys and is lost in the ocean.

803. After these came Camilla, of the Volscian race, leading a band of horsemen and troops, arrayed in glittering brass—a warrior maid. She never accustomed her woman's hands to the distaff or the wool-basket of Minerva; but the virgin braved hard battles, and in speed of foot outstripped the winds. She might fly o'er the tops of the blades of the uncut crops, nor harm the tender ears in her course; or, poised on the swelling waves, she could make her way over the middle of the sea, nor wet her swift feet in the water. Her all the youth, pouring out of house and fields, and the thronging matrons, too, admire, and follow her with their eyes as she goes, open-mouthed with wonder how the glory of royal purple covers her smooth shoulders, how the clasp binds her hair with gold, how she bears a Lycian quiver, and a shepherd's myrtle staff with a tip of steel.



## BOOK VIII.

1. WHEN Turnus displayed the flag of war from the citadel of Laurentum, and the horns rang out with their harsh notes, and when he stirred up his spirited horses and clashed his arms, forthwith their spirits are roused, and all Latium with one accord combines in startled rising, and the warriors are roused to wild rage. And first the chiefs Messapus and Ufens and Mezentius, the scoffer at the Gods, bring in auxiliaries from every side, and make the wide fields bare of husbandmen. Venulus, too, is sent to the city of the great Diomede to ask for aid, and to inform him that the Trojans are settling in Latium, that Eneas has been borne hither by his fleet, and is landing the conquered Penates, and says that he is called upon by destiny to be the king; and that many nations are joining the Dardan hero, and that his fame is spreading far and wide through Latium: what were the hero's schemes in these attempts, what result he desired from the war should Fortune favour him, was better known to himself than to Prince Turnus or King Latinus.

18. Such was the state of affairs in Latium. And the hero descendant of Laomedon, seeing all these things, wavers to and fro on a mighty tide of cares; now here, now there, divides his swift mind, and shifts it various ways and turns it in all directions: as from the lips of a brazen vessel the tremulous light of water, reflected back from the sun's rays or the image of the radiant moon, flits far and wide from place to place, and now shoots up into the air and strikes the panelled ceilings of the roof above. It was night, and through all lands deep sleep possessed wearied creatures and the race of birds and beasts; when father Eneas, perturbed in spirit by this sad war, reposed himself on the bank under the cope of the chill heavens, and let long deferred repose

steal over his limbs. Before him the God of the place himself, the aged Tiberinus of the pleasant stream, appeared to rise between the poplar leaves. A thin linen garment veiled him with its gray folds, and shady sedges crowned his hair. Then the vision thus addressed him, and with these words took away his cares : “ O son of a race of Gods, who bringest back to us from the midst of the enemy the Trojan city and preservest Troy for ever, long looked-for by the soil of Laurentum and the Latin fields, this is thy appointed home--the sure abode of thy Penates. Desist not from thy purpose, nor be terrified at these threats of war. All the swelling wrath of Heaven is abated. And now, that thou mayest not think this the idle coinage of a dream, thou shalt find a great sow lying under the ilex-trees on the shore, with a farrow of thirty young ones, stretched out on the ground, all white ; and her young ones white around her teats. [This shall be the site of thy city, this the assured resting-place from thy labours.] And from this thou mayest know that when thrice ten years come round, Ascanius shall found a city, Alba, of illustrious name. My prophecy is no vain one. Attend, now, and I will show thee how thou mayest victoriously dispose of the troubles now pressing on thee. The Arcadians, a people sprung from Pallas, who were companions of King Evander and followed his banner, chose a site on these shores, and founded a city on the mountains, called Pallanteum, from the name of their ancestor, Pallas. These wage continual war with the Latin race. Invite them as allies to thy camp, and conclude with them a treaty. I myself will lead thee between my banks and straight along my stream, that, wafted up the river, thou mayest overcome the current which opposes thy oars. Rouse thyself, Goddess-born ; and, while the earliest stars are setting, duly offer prayer to Juno, and with suppliant vows prevail over her wrath and threats. When thou art victorious, to me also thou shalt pay my due. I am he, the blue Tiber, whom thou seest, grazing his banks as he flows, and cleaving the rich cornland, a river dear to Heaven. Here rises my great home, the head of mighty cities.”

66. So spake the River-God, and then disappeared in the deep pools, seeking the lowest depths ; and night and sleep

desert Æneas. He rises from his couch, and regarding the glorious sun as he rose in heaven, he duly raises water from the stream in his hollowed palms, and pours out on the air this prayer: "Ye nymphs! Ye nymphs of Laurentum, from whom the rivers have their birth; and thou, Father Tiber, with thy sacred streams, receive Æneas, and now at last protect him from dangers. In whatever spring the waters are thy home, who pitiest our distress—in whatever land you come forth in your proud beauty, you shall ever be honoured with my sacrifices and my gifts, horned River-God, supreme among the rivers of Hesperia. Only be with us, and confirm thy revelations with present help." So he speaks, and he chooses from his fleet two biremes, and puts crews on board them, and provides his companions with arms.

81. When, lo, suddenly a portent, marvellous in their eyes, a white sow is seen through the wood lying stretched on the green bank, of the same colour as its white offspring: which the pious Æneas sacrifices to thee in truth—to thee, most mighty Juno, doing thee honour, and offers with its young upon thine altars. All that night long the Tiber calmed his swelling stream, and the still wave, checking its course so far stood still that it smoothed the watery surface into the semblance of a still pool and an untroubled fen, so that the oars were plied without toil. Then they speed on the journey they have commenced with cheerful song; the tarred ships glide over the shallow water; and the waters wonder and the unaccustomed wood wonders at the shields of the heroes glittering from afar, and the painted vessels floating on the stream. They wear away the night and day in rowing, and pass the long windings of the river, and pass under the shade of many kinds of trees and cleave the green woods on the calm bosom of the stream. The blazing sun had climbed to the mid vault of heaven, when they see afar off walls and a citadel and the scattered roofs of houses. Those abodes, which Roman might has now raised even to the skies, Evander then ruled—a humble realm. More swiftly, then, they make for the shore and near the city.

102. It chanced that on that day the Arcadian monarch was offering solemn sacrifice to Amphitryon's mighty son

and to the Gods in the grove before the city. With him his son Pallas, and with him all the foremost of his people and his needy senate were scattering incense, and the warm blood was smoking on the altars. When they espied the stately ships, and saw them gliding through the thick wood and the crews bending to the silent oars, they are terrified by the sudden sight, and all start up and leave the banquet. But the bold Pallas forbids them to interrupt the sacrifice, and himself, snatching up his weapon, flies to meet them, and from a mound, while yet afar off, he cries : "What cause, O warriors, has driven you to explore unknown paths ? Whither are you going ? Who are you by birth ? From what home are you ? Do you bring peace or war ?" Then father Æneas thus speaks from the lofty stern, holding out in his hand a bough of the olive, the herald of peace : "Thou seest the sons of Troy and arms hostile to the Latins, men whom they by violent war have driven into exile. We seek Evander. Announce this to him, and tell him that the chosen leaders of Dardania have come asking him to be their ally in the war." Pallas was stricken dumb with amaze at hearing so great a name. "Land there," said he, "whoever thou art, and speak with my father face to face, and as our guest enter our home." And he made a sign of greeting with his hand, and clasped his guest's right hand in a clinging grasp. Advancing, they approach the grove and leave the river.

126. Then Æneas addresses the king with friendly words : "Most noble of the sons of Greece, whom Fortune has willed that I should approach as a suppliant, offering boughs decked with fillets : for my part I feared not, because thou wert a leader of the Greeks and an Arcadian, and because by blood thou wert connected with the two Atridae. But my own worth, and the revered oracles of the Gods, and the kinship between our fathers, and thy fame spread abroad throughout the earth, have bound me to thee, and have driven me hither in willing obedience to the fates. Dardanus, the first father and the founder of the city of Ilium, the son, as Grecian legend tells, of Electra the daughter of Atlas, was borne to the land of the Teucri—the mighty Atlas, who on his shoulders sustains the orb of

heaven, was Electra's sire. Thy father was Mercurius, whom the fair Maia conceived and bore on the chill summit of Cyllene; while, if we may in aught credit what we hear, the same Atlas who supports the stars of heaven, was the father of Maia: so the families of us both come in different lines from one common stock. Relying on all this, no embassies did I essay; I tried no artful overtures to pave my way. Myself and my own life I have freely risked, and have come as a suppliant to thy doors. That same Daunian race which persecutes thee assails me also with cruel war; and should they drive us out, they cannot fail, they trow, to bring all Hesperia completely under their yoke, and to gain the mastery over the sea, both that which washes the upper shores and that which beats upon the shores below. Receive my pledges of friendship, and give me thine in return. We have hearts brave in war; we have courage and followers tried by troubles."

Eneas ceased speaking. The other had for long been keenly scanning the face and eyes and the whole body of the speaker. Then briefly thus he answers: 154. "How gladly, bravest of the Trojans, do I recognise and welcome thee! How well I can recall the words of thy father, Anchises, and his voice and look.

"For I remember that Priam, son of Laomedon, when he visited the realms of his sister Hesione, came on to visit the chilly realms of Arcadia. The dawn of youth was then beginning to clothe my cheeks with down. I marvelled at the Trojan chiefs: I marvelled at Laomedon's son himself; but Anchises, as he moved, towered above them all. My mind was fired with youthful eagerness to address the hero, and clasp his right hand with mine; I approached him, and eagerly led him within the walls of Pheneus. He when departing gave to me a splendid Lycian quiver and arrows and a cloak broidered with threads of gold, and two bridles all of gold, which my son Pallas now has. Therefore be assured that my right hand which you ask for is already joined to yours by my solemn pledge, and that as soon as the light of to-morrow's dawn first sheds itself upon the earth, I will send you on your way rejoicing in our escort and will aid you with ample stores. Meanwhile, since you have come here as friends, with kindly hearts join us in celebrating these

annual sacrifices, and forthwith accustom yourselves to the tables of your friends."

175. When he had thus spoken he orders the banquet to be resumed and the cups they had laid aside, and himself places the warriors on a grassy seat, and chief in honour he receives *Æneas* on a couch formed of the hide of a shaggy lion, and entertains him on a seat of maple. Then choseh youths and the priest of the altar eagerly bring the roasted flesh of bulls, and load baskets with gifts of corn prepared with toil, and supply the guests with wine. *Æneas* also and the Trojan warriors feast on the chine of a whole ox and on the flesh of the sacrifice.

184. When their hunger was removed, and their desire for eating stayed, King Evander says : " No idle superstition ignoring the old Gods has imposed upon us these solemn rites, these customary feasts, this shrine to such a mighty power. We perform them, my Trojan guest, as having been preserved from cruel peril, and pay the God these new honours as his just due. Now first of all behold this rocky overhanging cliff—how the huge stones are flung far and wide, and the mountain dwelling stands deserted, and the rocks have brought down with them a mighty ruin ; here was a cave hidden away in a vast hollow of the mountain, and this cave, which was never visited by the sun's rays, the dread form of Cacus dwelt in, half man, half beast ; the ground was ever reeking with fresh-spilled blood, and fastened to the lofty portals hung the heads of men pale with ghastly decay. Of this monster Vulcan was the father ; it was his lurid flames that he vomited forth from his mouth as he moved his huge bulk along. In answer to our prayers, too, time at last brought a God to help us. For the mighty avenger Alcides was at hand, exulting in the death of the three-bodied Geryon and in the spoil he had won, and after his victory was driving here the mighty bulls ; and the cattle filled the river-side and valley. But Cæus, incited by mad infatuation that no crime or craft might be left undared or unattempted by him, drove off four bulls of surpassing size from their resting-places, and the same number of heifers of exceeding beauty. And that there might be no tracks pointing forward, he dragged them by their tails into his cave, and carried them off with their foot-

prints reversed, and hid them in the dark bowels of the rock. For any searcher for them there were no signs leading to the rock. Meanwhile, when Amphitryon's son was moving his well-fed herds from their resting-place, and preparing for departure, the oxen lowed at starting, and all the forest was filled with their complainings, and with noise the hills are left. One of the kine gave an answering low, and bellowed from the vast cave, and, guarded as it was, baulled the hopes of Cacus. Then, indeed, the resentment of Alcides blazed forth fiercely with black gall; he seizes his weapons and an oaken club heavy with knots, and at full speed seeks the heights of the lofty mountain. Then first our people saw Cacus terrified and looking troubled; he flies, in sooth, swifter than the wind, and hies him to his cave; fear lends wings to his feet. When he had shut himself in, and, breaking the chains, had let down the huge stone, which, by skilful device of his father, hung suspended on supports of iron, and with this barrier had blocked and barred his portals, behold, mad with rage, the Tirynthian hero appeared before them, and, scanning every approach, cast his eyes now here, now there, gnashing his teeth. Thrice, all on fire with wrath, he traverses the mount of Aventinus; thrice in vain he tries to force the stone-barred threshold; thrice wearied he rests him in the valley. There stood a pointed, flinty rock, with all its sides abrupt and of bare stone, rising from the ridge above the cave, and very high to see, a fitting home for the nests of foul birds; this rock, as, leaning from the ridge, it hung over the river on its left, exerting all his strength against it from the right, he shook and loosened, and tore it from its very roots, then suddenly hurled it down, and as he hurled it down the wide air was filled with thunderous sound, the banks of the stream start apart, and the water in wild alarm flows back. But the cave and the vast palace of Cacus are uncovered and stand revealed, and the shadowy caverns lie open to their inmost depths, just as if anywhere the earth, gaping to its depths, were to open up the infernal abodes, and disclose the pallid realms hateful to the Gods, and the vast gulf were seen from above, while the shades are panic-stricken at the influx of the light. When, then, Cacus was caught suddenly in this unlock'd-for blaze of light, shut up

in his rocky cave, and uttering strange roars, Alcides from above overwhelms him with missiles, and calls to his aid all kinds of weapons, and plies him with branches and with huge boulders. But he, for now no means of escape from his peril remain to him, wonderful to relate, emits from his jaws a dense smoke, and involves his lair in black darkness, snatching all power of seeing from the eyes, and gathers in his cave a smoky night, with darkness and fire commingled. No longer could Alcides endure it in his wrath, and he hurled himself through the fire with headlong leap, where the smoke is sending forth its waves most thickly, and the vast black cloud is seething through the cave. Here he seizes Cacus vomiting forth in the darkness his futile flames ; grasping him in his embrace, and clinging to him, he chokes him till his eyes start from his head, and his throat is drained of blood. Immediately he tears down the doors, and the bleak abode is thrown open, and the stolen oxen, and the theft forsown are revealed, and the hideous corpse is drawn forth by the feet. The people cannot gaze enough on the terrible eyes, the face, the breast shaggy with bristles of the half-brute, and the fires quenched in his jaws.

268. "Thenceforth due honours have been paid him, and posterity has joyfully observed the day, and Potitius was the founder, and the house of the Pinarii is the guardian of the worship of Hercules. He founded this altar in the grove, which shall always be called Greatest by us, and which always shall be greatest. Wherefore come, warriors, and, in honour of such worth, bind your hair with garlands, and stretch forth the goblets in your right hands, and call upon the God we both worship, and with willing hearts pour out the wine." He ceased speaking ; the two-coloured poplar veiled his hair with the shade sacred to Hercules, and fastened by its leaves hung down, while the sacred goblet filled his right hand. Swiftly all pour libation joyfully on the board, and offer prayer to the Gods.

280. Meanwhile, evening draws near on the downward slope of Olympus, and now the priests advanced with Potitius at their head, girt with skins as was prescribed by custom, and bore torches. They renew the banquet, and bring pleasing gifts to the second table, and heap the altars

with laden platters. Then come the Salii to sing around the kindled altars, their temples bound with poplar boughs, one band of youths, the other of old men, who sing the glories of Hercules and his mighty deeds — how first he crushed the life out of the twin snakes, the monsters sent by his stepmother, grasping them with his hand ; how he also in war overthrew mighty cities, Troy and Eealia ; how he accomplished a thousand painful labours under king Eurystheus, at the bidding of unkindly Juno. “Thou, unconquered one, didst stay with thy hand the cloud-born Hylaeus and Pholus, of double shape, thou slewest the Cretan monster, and the huge lion under the Nemean rock. At thee the Stygian lakes trembled, and the doorkeeper of Orcus, reclining on half-gnawed bones in his bloodstained cavern, dreaded thee. No shape could terrify thee, not Typhœus himself, raising his weapons on high ; nor wast thou bewildered when the Lernaean snake surrounded thee with its swarm of heads. Hail, true son of Jove, who, by thy presence among the Gods, addest to them new glory, visit with thy favour and with propitious foot both us and the sacrifices we offer to thee !” Such hymns of praise they sing ; and they add to all the rest the cave of Cacus, and the monster himself breathing fire. The whole grove resounds with their singing, and the hills echo it back.

306. Then when religious ceremonies have been completed, they all return to the city. The king went, covered with the signs of age, and as he went kept Æneas near him as his companion and his son, and lightened the road with varied speech.

310. Æneas admires and turns his quick glancing eyes on everything, and is charmed with the place, and in joyful mood asks for and listens to the several traditions of departed heroes. Then spake King Evander, the founder of the citadel of Rome : “In these woods the native Fauns and Nymphs used to dwell, and that race of men which was born from trunks of trees and the stubborn oak, who had neither rules of life nor culture, and knew not how to yoke the ox or to store up supplies, or to husband what they had got. But the branches of trees and the hard fare of the huntsman supplied their food. First from high Olympus

came Saturn fleeing from the arms of Jove, an exile who had lost his kingdom. He united this people, intractable and scattered over the lofty mountains, and gave them laws, and willed that the land should be called Latium, since on these shores he had found a safe hiding-place. Under his sovereignty was the golden age they tell of: so did he rule the peoples in tranquil peace. Until by degrees succeeded an age baser and of duller hue, and mad thirst for war and lust of gain. Then came the band of the Ausones and the Sicanian tribes, and the land of Saturn often changed its name. Then came kings and the rude Thybris of mighty frame, from whose name we Italians have since called our river Thybris; while the Albula lost the name it had borne so long. Me, when, driven from my country, I was exploring the ends of the sea, chance omnipotent and inevitable fate landed in these regions, and the dread monitions of my mother, the nymph Carmentis, and my counsellor, Apollo, drove me to these shores." Scarcely had these words been spoken, when straightway as he advances he shows him both the altar and the gate of Carmentis, which the Romans call by her name, an ancient honour paid to the nymph Carmentis, the prophetess who revealed the fates, who first sang of the mighty future in store for the *Æneadæ*, and of the glories of Pallanteum. Then he shows an immense grove which the bold Romulus made an asylum, and points out the Lupercal under the chill rock, called after Parrhasian custom the place of Lycean Pan. And no less he shows the grove of sacred Argiletum, and calls the place to witness, and tells of the death of his guest Argus. Hence he leads him to the Tarpeian dwelling and the capitol, now all golden, formerly rough with trees and brushwood. Even then the dread sanctity of the place awed the frightened rustics—even then they shuddered at the wood and the rock. "This grove," he says, "this hill with leafy top, some God, we know not which God, inhabits: the Arcadians believe that they have seen Jove himself, while often he shook with his right hand the aegis that darkens the heavens, and summoned the storm-clouds. You see besides these two towns with ruined walls the relics and memorials of men of olden times: this citadel Father Janus founded; this one, Saturn:

the name of the one was Janiculum, of the other Saturnia." Thus discoursing with one another they approached the abode of the poor Evander, and saw cattle scattered about lowing in the Roman Forum and splendid Carina. When they reached the house, "These portals," he said, "the victorious Alcides entered. This palace received him. Dare, my guest, to despise wealth; fashion thyself also to be worthy of divinity, and enter not disdainful of our poverty." So he spoke, and he led the mighty Eneas under the roof of his poor abode, and placed him high on a couch of strewn leaves and the skin of a Libyan bear.

369. Night rushes down and embraces the earth with her dusky wings. But Venus, her mother's heart troubled with no idle fear, and more disturbed by the threats and fierce uprising of the Laurentines, addressed Vulcan, and in her spouse's golden chamber thus accosts him, and breathes divine love into her words: "While the Argive kings were wasting doomed Pergamus, and the towns destined to destruction by hostile fire, I asked for no aid for the unhappy people, I asked not for the arms of thy skill and power; nor did I wish, dearest spouse, in vain to employ thee and thy labours, although I both owed much to the sons of Priam, and often wept over the cruel toils of Eneas. Now, by Jove's command, he has settled on the Rutulian shores. Therefore I (who did not beg before) now approach thee as a suppliant, the mother pleading for her son, and beseech thee, the deity whom I have ever revered, for arms. The daughter of Nereus, the spouse of Tithonus, could sway thee with their tears. Behold what nations band themselves together, what cities have barred their gates and whet the sword against me for the destruction of my loved ones."

387. So ceased the Goddess, and all around with snowy arms in soft embrace she caresses her lord, who still hesitates. At once he felt the wonted flame, and the well-known warmth penetrated to his very marrow and ran through his loosened bones: just as oftentimes when it thunders a quivering rift of fire runs through the clouds with glittering light. Joyful in the success of her wiles, and conscious of her beauty, his spouse perceived it. Then speaks the father, bound in the chains of an undying love: "Why seek reasons

so far fetched for thy request? Whither has fled, my Goddess, thy confidence in me? Had such been thy anxious wish, *then*, too, had it been permitted to us to lend the Trojans arms. Neither the all-powerful father nor the Fates forbade that Troy should stand and Priam live for ten years more. And now, if thou art meditating war, and thus thou intendest, all the care within the range of my art that I can promise, all that may be done with steel and molten alloy, all that fires and wind to fan them may avail, is thine; cease by such prayers to throw doubt upon your power." Having thus spoken, he bestowed the longed-for caresses, and softly reposing himself on the bosom of his queen, wooed gentle sleep to steal over his limbs.

407. Then, when in the mid-course of passing night the first rest had driven out sleep, when first the woman, whose lot it is to sustain life with the distaff and ill-paid work of Minerva, rekindles the ashes and dying fire, adding the hours of night to her working day, and sets her maids to their long task by the firelight, that she may be able to keep her husband's bed free from stain and rear her little children; even so the lord of fire, no more slothful at that time, rises from his soft couch for his work at the forge. Near the Sicanian shore and the Æolian Lipare rises an island piled high with smoking rocks, beneath which a cavern and Ætnean chambers, hollowed out by the forges of the Cyclops, are full of thunderous sound, and the clang of mighty blows rings back from the anvils, and masses of molten steel hiss in the caverns, and fire comes panting from the furnaces, —the home of Vulcan, and the land is called Vulcania. Thither, then, the lord of fire descends from the high heaven. In the vast cave the Cyclops were working the iron, Brontes and Steropes and the bare-limbed Pyraemon. In their hands was an unfinished thunderbolt, very many of which the father hurls from heaven on the earth, a part already polished, while part remained unfinished. They had added three rays of whirling storm, three of watery cloud, three of ruddy fire, and three of the winged south wind.

431. Now they mingled with their work awful flashings and sound and fear and wrath with pursuing fires: in another place they are busied on a chariot for Mars, and

swift wheels, with which he stirs to strife men and cities; and were busily burnishing a dread agis with golden serpent's scales, the armour of wrathful Pallas, and wretched snakes, and on the breast of the Goddess the Gorgon herself, with severed neck, still rolling her eyes. "Away with all these things," he says, "and desist from the work you have begun, Cyclopes of Aetna, and give your minds to this. Arms must be fashioned for a brave hero. Now is there need of strength, now of swift hands, now of all your mistress art. Away with delay!" No more he spoke, but they all swiftly divided the work equally by lot, and busily applied themselves to it. The brass and the golden metal flow in streams, and the deadly steel is softened in the vast forge. They shape a mighty shield, which alone could repel all the missiles of the Latini, and they bind plate to plate sevenfold. Some draw in and drive out the air from the windy bellows: others dip the hissing metal in the lake. The cave groans as the anvils are set forth. They in turns with huge force raise their arms in measured time and turn the glowing metal with firm-holding pincers.

454. While the Lemnian sire hurries on this work on the Aelian shores, the kindly light and the morning songs of the birds beneath his roof-tree arouse Evander from his lowly dwelling. The old man rises and clothes his limbs with a tunic and binds Tyrrhene sandals on the soles of his feet. Then he binds to his side and shoulders a Tegean sword, flinging back on his left side the pendent hide of a panther. And the two guardian dogs, too, precede him from the lofty threshold, and accompany their master's steps. The hero sought the dwelling and the retirement of Eneas, mindful of what he had said and the gift he had promised. And in like manner Eneas was early astir. The former was accompanied by his son Pallas, the latter by Achates. They join hands when they meet, and take their seats in the midst of the house, and at last enjoy free converse. The king first spoke thus: "Most mighty leader of the Trojans, while thou art preserved I will never admit that the state, the kingdom of Troy, is conquered; for so great a name as ours, scant is our strength to give thee aid in war; on one side we are hemmed in by the Tuscan Stream; on the other the

Rutulian presses us hard, and his arms clash around our wall : but I meditate joining to thee mighty peoples and camps rich in kingdoms—a road to safety which unlooked-for chance points out. Thou comest hither at the call of Destiny. Not far hence, founded on a rock hoary with age, are the populous abodes of the city of Agylla, where formerly the Lydian race, renowned in war, settled on the Etruscan hills. This city, after many years' prosperity, King Mezentius afterwards controlled with arrogant rule and cruel arms. Why should I tell of the cruel butcheries, of the savage acts of the tyrant ? May Heaven have in store the like for his head and his race ! Nay, he even bound the living to the dead, uniting hand to hand and face to face—a ghastly kind of torture—and so killed them by a lingering death streaming in this miserable embrace with blood and corruption. But the citizens, wearied out at length, beset in arms this abominable madman, both himself and his house. They slay his guards ; they fire his palace. He, escaping from the slaughter, fled into the country of the Rutuli, and is defended by the arms of his host Turnus. Therefore all Etruria rose in righteous wrath, and demanded the king back for punishment with instant war. To these thousands I will give thee, Aeneas, as a leader. For the ships are now massed all along the shore, and clamour for the order to advance ; the aged seer restrains them, uttering the will of the Fates : ‘O chosen youth of Maeonia, the flower and courage of men of old, whom just resentment bears against the foe, and whom Mezentius has fired with well-merited wrath, no Italian may rule such a nation ; choose foreign leaders.’ Then the Etruscan host remained in this plain awed by the bidding of the Gods. Tarchon himself sent to me the crown of sovereignty and the sceptre, and entrusted to me the emblems of royalty, bidding me come to his camp, and rule the Tuscan kingdom. But old age, chilled and sluggish, and worn out by lapse of years, grudges me power, and my strength is too sere for doughty deeds. I would call upon my son, did he not, a Sabine mother's blood running in his veins, draw from her a share in the land of his birth. Do thou, then, whom the fates favour both in age and race, whom the powers of heaven call for, enter on thy destiny, most valiant leader of the Trojans and Italians.

Moreover, I will join to thee Pallas here, my hope and comfort; under thy leadership may he learn to endure military service and the grievous toil of battle, and to observe thy deeds! and from his earliest years may he reverence thee! I will give to him twice a hundred Arcadian cavalry, the chosen flower of our youth, and Pallas will supply the same number in his own name."

520. Scarce had he thus spoken; and Eneas, the son of Anchises, and the faithful Achates, were keeping their faces in fixed attention towards him; and sad at heart were pondering over many troubles, would have pondered longer, had not Cytherea given a sign from the open sky. For without warning a flash of light came quivering from the heavens with a loud sound, and all things seemed suddenly to reel, and the blare of the Tuscan trumpets sounded through the air. They look up; once again the mighty crash resounds. They see arms in a cloud in the calm regions of the sky shining red through the mist, and hear them clash when stricken. The minds of the others were confounded: but the Trojan hero recognises the sound, and the promise of his Goddess-mother. Then he speaks: "Ask not in very truth, my host, what chance these portents bring: it is I that am summoned by Olympus. My Goddess-mother foretold that she would send this sign if war should assail me, and that she would bring through the air to my aid arms forged by Vulcan. Alas! what terrible slaughter is about to come upon the wretched Laurentes! what a reckoning, Turnus, thou shalt pay me! how many shields and helmets and strong bodies of warriors thou shalt roll beneath thy waves, O Father Tiber! Let them seek war and break their covenants!"

541. When he had thus spoken, he rises from his lofty seat, and first he rekindles the slumbering fires on the altars of Hercules, and joyfully approaches the Lar of yesterday and the little Penates. Evander and the Trojan youth alike sacrifice ewes duly chosen. Afterwards he proceeds from the town to the ships and revisits his followers, and from among them he chooses those who excel in valour to follow him to the war; the rest are borne away down the stream, and lazily float with the current, to bear news to

Ascanius of his father and his fortunes. Horses are given to the Trojans who are on their way to the Tuscan fields ; for *Æneas* they bring forth a chosen steed—all housed in the tawny skin of a lion, glittering with golden claws. Suddenly a rumour flies abroad through the city, that the horsemen are straightway going to the Tuscan king's camp on the shore. The anxious mothers redouble their prayers, and fear waits more closely on danger, and the image of the God of War looms larger. Then Father Evander holds in a firm clasp the hand of his departing guest, shedding tears that will not be checked, and speaks thus : “ Oh, if Jupiter could give me back the years that are past, and make me as I was when under the very walls of Praeneste I overthrew the front line, and, after my victory, consumed heaps of shields, and with this right hand hurled Erulus to Tartarus, to whom at his birth—horrible to tell !—his mother Feronia had given three lives, three sets of armour for him to bear—thrice he had to be laid low in death ; whom nevertheless this right hand then deprived of all his lives, and so many times stripped him of his arms—I should not now, my son, ever be torn from thy loved embrace ; nor would Mezentius, ever insulting me his neighbour, have caused so many cruel deaths with the sword and bereft the city of so many citizens. But do you, O powers of heaven, and thou Jupiter, most mighty ruler of the Gods, pity the Arcadian king, I beseech you, and hear a father's prayers ; if your divine will, if the fates preserve Pallas safe for me ; if, while I live, I live in the sure hope of seeing him and meeting him again, I pray for life : I am patient to endure any hardship. But if, Fortune, thou threatenest me with some dreadful calamity ; now, oh now, may it be permitted to me to break the thread of this cruel life ! while my cares are yet doubtful, while my hope sees dimly into the future, while I hold thee in my embrace, my darling son, the sole joy of my old age ; and let no news more grievous (than apprehension) wound my ears.” Thus was the father speaking in the supreme moment of parting, when his limbs failed him and his slaves bore him home.

585. And now the horsemen had issued forth from the open gates, *Æneas* at their head with the faithful Achates, next the other chiefs of Troy ; Pallas himself in the middle

of the column, conspicuous in his cloak and inlaid armour—like Lucifer, whom Venus loves beyond all other starry fires, when, fresh bathed in ocean's waves, he has raised his sacred head in the heavens and dissipated the darkness. The trembling mothers stand on the walls, and follow with their eyes the cloud of dust, and the squadrons with their flashing brass. They all in armour make their way through the thickets, where the goal of their journey is nearest; they raise a shout, and, when they have formed their column, their horses' hoofs shake the crumbling plain with the sound of their galloping. A great grove stands near the cool stream of Care, consecrated far and wide by the reverence owed to their sires: on all sides curving hills enclose it, and surround the wood with dark pine-trees. Rumour tells that the old Pelasgi, who first in former time dwelt in the Latin territory, consecrated this grove and a day to Silvanus the God of the fields and of cattle. Not far from this Tarcho and the Tuscans had their securely-placed camp; and from the high hill the whole host could now be seen, and was encamped in the wide fields. Thither advance Father Aeneas and his warriors chosen for the war, and the wearied band refresh their horses and themselves.

608. But the fair Goddess Venus was at hand among the clouds of heaven bearing her gifts, and when she saw her son far away in a retired valley, apart from his comrades, near the cool stream, she addressed him with these words, and presented herself suddenly and uncalled before him: "Behold the gifts I promised thee now completed by my husband's art; that presently, my son, thou mayest not hesitate to challenge to the fight either the haughty Laurentes or the brave Turnus himself." So spoke Cytherea and flew to her son's embrace; she placed the glittering arms under an oak before him. He, rejoicing in the gifts of the Goddess and in this great honour done him, cannot satisfy himself with gazing, and turns his eyes on each piece, and marvels at it, and turns over in his hands and arms the helmet with its terrible crest and shooting forth flames, and the death-dealing sword, and the blood-red corselet stiff with brass and of vast size— even like a dark cloud lit up with the rays of the sun, which reflects his light afar; then the polished greaves of

molten gold and alloy, and the spear and the indescribable fabric of the shield. On this the Lord of Fire, versed in the sayings of the seers, and knowing of the years to come, had represented the fortunes of Italy and the triumphs of the Romans, and all the generations of the race that was to spring from Ascanius, and the wars that they waged in due order. There, too, he had carved the mother-wolf lying in the green cave of Mars ; round her teats the twin boys sport as they embrace her, and the mother licks her fearless nurselings ; she caresses them in turns, her rounded neck thrown back, and shapes their bodies with her tongue : and close to this he had added Rome and the Sabines rudely ravished from the crowded theatre, when the great games were being held, and a new war was straightway springing up between the people of Romulus and the aged Tatus and the austere Cures. Next the same kings, having laid aside their strife with one another, were standing in arms before the altar of Jove, holding bowls, and making solemn covenants with sacrifice of swine. Not far from this the swift chariots had torn Mettus in sunder—Ah, but thou shouldst have remained faithful to thy word, O Alban !—and Tullus was hurrying through the wood the entrails of the wretch forsworn, and the briars were sprinkled and bedewed with his blood. And Porsenna, too, was bidding them receive the out-cast Tarquin, and was pressing the city hard with mighty siege, while the descendants of Æneas were rushing on the steel in defence of their liberty. You might have seen the Tuscan king seeming in his rage to utter menaces because Coelus dares to pull down the bridge, and Cloelia breaks her bonds and swims across the stream.

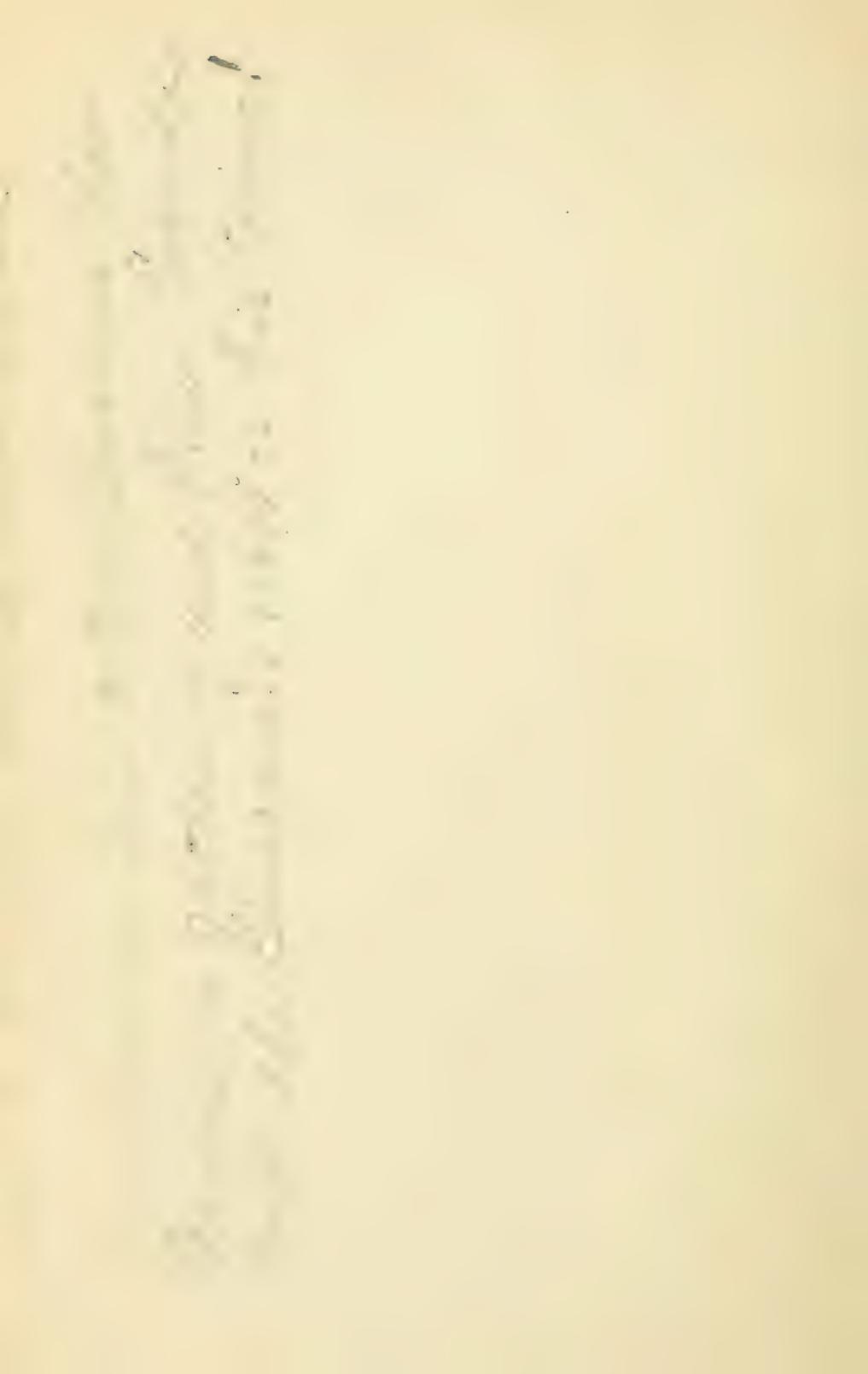
652. On the top of the shield Manlius, the guardian of the Tarpeian citadel, was standing before the temple and defending the lofty capital ; and the palace was standing out fresh and rough as Romulus had thatched it. And here the goose, fashioned in silver, fluttering at the gilded porches, was announcing that the Gauls were at the doors ; the Gauls were at hand coming through the bushes, and were already in the citadel, protected by the gloom and the boon of dark night : golden was their hair and golden their vestment ; they are clad in bright-striped cloaks ; their milk-white necks are

encircled with gold ; each in his hand brandishes two alpine javelins ; their bodies are guarded by long shields. Here he had beaten out the dancing Salii, and the naked Luperci, and the woolly caps and the shields that fell from heaven, and chaste matrons in softly-cushioned cars were moving in sacred procession through the city. Far away from these, he adds the abodes of Tartarus, the entrance of Dis below, and the punishments of crime, and thee, Catiline, hanging from a beetling rock, and shuddering at the looks of the Furies ; and the pious in a place apart, with Cato giving them laws. And all about the shield among these scenes ran the representation of a stormy sea, all gold, but the dark waters were flecked with white foam ; and around it dolphins of bright silver swept the main in circles with their tails, and cut through the water. And in the midst one might see brazen ships and the fight at Actium ; and one might see Lencate all aglow with martial array, and the waters blazing with gold. On one side Augustus Cæsar, leading the Italians to battle, together with the fathers and the people, the Penates and the great Gods, standing on the lofty poop, whose glorious brow sends forth a double flame, and his father's star rises on his head. In another place Agrippa raised on high, leading the line with favouring Gods and fair winds, whose brow is bound with the glittering beaked naval crown, proud ornament of war. On the other side Antonius, with barbaric might and varied arms, as he returns victorious from the peoples of the Dawn and the Red Sea shore, brings with him Egypt and the forces of the East, and the far distant Bactrians ; and, shame to tell ! his Egyptian consort follows him.

689. Together they all rush on, and the whole sea foams, torn up by the sweeping oars, and the three-toothed beaks. They make for the open sea : you might think that the Cyclades, torn from their base, were sailing over the sea, or that lofty mountains were meeting mountains in conflict. In so vast a crowd do the warriors crowd the towered ships ; flaming tow and flying darts of steel are hurled about, and Neptune's fields are reddened with unwonted slaughter. In the midst the queen calls on her host with her native timbrel, and sees not yet the two serpents following her.

And monstrous forms of Gods of every kind and baying Anubis direct their weapons against Neptune and Venus and against Minerva. In the middle of the conflict Mars rages, embossed in steel, and the gloomy Furies placed on high ; and Discord stalks rejoicing with her mantle rent, whom Bellona follows with blood-stained scourge. And beholding all this from above, the Actian Apollo was bending his bow, and in terror of him every Ægyptian and the Indians, and every Arab, and all the Sabæi, fled away. The queen herself was represented as setting sail, having invoked the winds, and as just slacking off the sheets. Her the Lord of Fire had limned paling amid the carnage at the death she saw before her being borne along by the waves and the north-west wind. While opposite her he had limned the Nile, lamenting in all his mighty frame, and throwing open his garments, and with his whole robe opened, calling the conquered to his dark-blue bosom and his sheltering stream. But Cæsar, borne into the walls of Rome in threefold triumph, was consecrating to Italia's Gods a deathless offering, thrice a hundred great shrines throughout the whole city ; and the streets resounded with rejoicings and merry-making and applause ; in every temple was a band of matrons, in all were altars ; and before the altars the slain steers strewed the ground. He himself, sitting on the snowy threshold of bright Phœbus, reviews the offerings of the nations, and places them on the stately portals ; in long array advance the conquered peoples, as varied in mien and dress and arms as in speech. Here Mulciber had depicted the race of the Nomads and the disarmed Africans ; here the Leleges and the Carians and the Geloni armed with arrows ; with gentler waves Euphrates was following along, and the Morini, who dwell at the ends of the earth, and the Rhine with double horn ; and the unconquered Dahæ ; and the Araxes fretting at his bridge. Such were the gravings he admires on the shield of Vulcan, his mother's gift ; and, albeit without understanding them, rejoices in the pictured scenes, raising on his shoulders the glorious destiny of his children's children.





## BOOK IX.

1. And while these things are going on in a far different place, Juno, Saturn's daughter, sent Iris to the bold Turnus. Turnus then chanced to be sitting in the grove, in the sacred valley of his ancestor Pilumnus; whom thus Thaumas' daughter addressed with rosy lips: "Turnus, what none of the Gods dared promise to thy prayers, lo, day in its course has brought to thee unmasked. Eneas has left his settlement, his friends, his fleet, and has gone in quest of the royal abode of Palatine Evander. And this is not all; he has made his way to the extremest cities of Corythus, and is arming a force of the collected rustics of the Etruscans. Why dost thou hesitate? Now is the time to call for steed and car. Cease all delay: confound and seize his camp!" She spoke, and raised herself to the skies on balanced wings, and as she flew out in the clouds a vast bow. The warrior knew her, and raised his clasped hands to the stars, and with these words followed her as she fled: "Iris, glory of heaven, who has brought thee down to me, wafted from the clouds to earth? Whence this sudden brightness? I see the mid heaven part in twain, and the stars wandering in the sky. Such omens I will follow, whoever thou art who callest me to arms." And thus speaking he went to the stream, and drew pure water from the surface of the flood, uttering many prayers to the Gods, and burthened the air with his vows.

25. Presently the whole army was advancing on the open plain, rich in horses, rich in embroidered garments and golden ornaments. Messapus controls the van, the sons of Tyrrheus command the rear; in the middle of the army the leader Turnus [moves about holding his arms, and oversteps his fellows by his whole head]: like the deep Ganges silently

rising with its seven calm streams, or the Nile, when with fertilizing stream it has flowed back from the fields, and now has sunk into its bed. Here the Trojans see the sudden cloud gathering in black dust, and the darkness rising on the plains. And first from the opposing pile Caicus calls out : “What band, my comrades, is rolling on in murky darkness ? Swiftly bring your swords, distribute arms, and mount the walls. Up then ! the enemy is here.” With loud shouts the Trojans pour through all the gates, and crowd the ramparts. For thus Æneas, unsurpassed in war, had enjoined when he left them, that should any evil chance arise in the meanwhile, they should not be bold enough to draw up in line of battle or trust to the open field ; they were merely to keep the camp and the walls, safe behind their rampart. Therefore, though honour and wrath bid them meet the foe hand to hand, nevertheless they oppose the gates as barriers, and do his bidding, and all in arms await the enemy within the hollow turrets. Turnus, as flying before he had outstripped the tardy host, accompanied by twenty picked horsemen, suddenly appears before the settlement ; a Thracian horse, with white markings, bears him, and a golden helmet, with crimson crest, covers his head. “Is there anyone, my warriors, who with me will first against the foe ? Behold !” he says—and brandishing his javelin, he hurls it through the air—“the opening of the war”—and moves stately o'er the plain. With shouts his comrades take up his words, and back him up with cries of awful sound. They wonder that the hearts of the Trojans should be so spiritless ; that the warriors do not trust themselves to the open plain, do not meet them hand to hand, but cling to their camp. In this direction and in that in wild rage he wheels around the walls on his horse, and seeks an entrance where way is none. As when the wolf intending evil to the full sheepfold comes raging up to the pens, having endured the wind and rain, in the middle of the night—safe under their mothers the lambs bleat, while he, savage and violent in his wrath, rages against the prey he cannot reach—the mad desire for food that has long been growing tortures him, and his jaws are dry and bloodless : even so the wrath of the Rutulian kindles as he scans the walls and the camp ;

resentment burns even in his hard bones, as he wonders how to attempt an entrance, and what means may dislodge the Trejans from their rampart, and bring them out into the level plain. He attacks the fleet, which was lying hidden, drawn up close to the side of the camp, fenced around by earth-works and the waters of the river, and calls upon his exulting followers to fire the ships, and all aglow with wrath fills his hand with blazing pinewood. Then indeed they give their minds to the work; the presence of Turnus urges them on; and all the youth is furnished with black torches. They plunder the hearths; the smoking torch gives forth a lurid light, and Vulcan bears the glowing embers mixed with smoke to the stars.

77. What deity, O Muses, averted this dire conflagration from the Trojans! Who drove away this great conflagration from the ships! Tell us this. Old is our belief in the event, but its fame will endure for ever. At the time when Æneas first built his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and was preparing to seek the deep sea, the Berecynthian mother of the Gods herself is said to have addressed great Jove with these words: "Grant, my son, to my prayers, what thy dear mother asks of thee in return for the subjection of Olympus. I have a pinewood loved for many years; the grove stood on the highest summit of the mountain, to which they used to bring their sacrifices—dim with darkling pines and maple trunks; these I gladly gave to the Dardan warrior, when he wanted a fleet. Now anxious fears torture my troubled breast. Release me from my terror, and grant this power to a parent's prayers, that these ships may not be shattered and overwhelmed by any voyage or hurricane; may it be in safety that they have come from my mountain." To her replies her son, who guides the courses of the stars of the universe: "My mother, whither art thou calling Destiny! What is it that thou askest for these vessels of thine! Is it that ships fashioned by mortal hand should have the rights of the immortals! that Æneas should pass secure through all the risks of danger! to what God is so great power given! Well—when they have accomplished their end, and hereafter have reached the ports of Ausonii, from every ship which has escaped the waves and landed the Dardan leader on the

Lavinian fields, I will take away its mortal form, and will bid all such to be Goddesses of the great deep, in shape like Doto and Galatea, Nereus' daughters, as they breast the foaming waves." He ceased, and he with his nod ratified his promise, swearing by the stream of his Stygian brother, by the banks seething with pitch and black swirling waters, and all Olympus trembled at his nod.

107. The promised day then had come, and the fates had fulfilled the destined time, when the wrong done by Turnus warned the mother to avert the firebrand from her sacred ships. Then suddenly a strange light flashed on their eyes, and a vast storm-cloud was seen to pass across the sky rising from the east, and the bands of Ida: then a dread voice falls through the air, and reaches all the host both of the Trojans and Rutulians: "Have no fear, Trojans, about defending my ships, nor arm your hands; sooner shall Turnus be able to consume the sea with fire than the sacred pinewood. Freed from your bonds, depart, ye Goddesses of the sea: your mother bids you go." And straightway every ship bursts its moorings from the banks, and, like dolphins, dipping their beaks beneath the waters, they plunge into the depths. And rising hence as many virgin forms emerge—a wondrous portent—and are borne away over the sea, as before there had been brass-clad prows standing on the shore.

123. The Rutuli were awe-struck; Messapus himself was panic-stricken as his horses plunged in terror, and the river checks his course hoarse-roaring, and Tiber recoils from the deep. But his native boldness forsook not the brave Turnus—nay, he even raises their courage with his words—even chides them thus: "It is the Trojans that these portents threaten; Jupiter himself has withdrawn the aid he is wont to give them; they wait not for Rutulian spear nor brand. No way then have the Trojans across the sea, nor have they any hope of escape; the other half of their world has been taken away from them; but this land is in our hands—so many thousand arms do the Italian nations bear against them. In nowise do the fateful answers of the Gods, of which the Phrygians boast, scare me; enough has been conceded to Venus and the fates in that the Trojans have reached the fields of fertile Ausonia. I, too, have my destiny

—to utterly destroy with the sword this accursed race since my bride has been snatched from me. Such resentment pricketh not the sons of Atreus alone, and not to Mycense only is it permitted to take up arms. ‘But it is enough to have perished once?’ nay, it should have been enough to have sinned once before; they should have loathed well-nigh all the race of women. To these men their trust is in the rampart that separates us from them, the ditch that stays our attack—the little space that separates them from death gives them courage. Have they not seen the walls of Troy, reared by Neptune’s hand, sink down into the flames? But of you, my chosen followers, who is ready to tear down this rampart, sword in hand, and attack with me the panic-stricken camp? I need not Vulcan’s armour, I need not a thousand ships against the Trojans. Let all the Tuscan foot with ally themselves to them. Let them not fear the darkness and the unwarlike theft of the Palladium, and the slaying of the guards of the high citadel! let us not hide in the dark belly of a horse. In broad daylight, in full view, I am resolved to beset and fire the walls. I warrant they will not think that they have to do with the Danai and the Pelasgian warriors, whom Hector kept at bay for ten years. And now, since the best part of the day is spent, during its remaining hours, rejoicing in work well done, refresh your bodies, and be assured that fighting is at hand.’ Meanwhile Messapus is charged with the duty of besetting the gates with guards, and kindling watchfires round the ramparts. Twice seven Rutuli were chosen to keep armed watch about their entrenchments. But each of them a hundred youths follow with purple crests and flashing golden arms. They go backwards and forwards, and mount guard in turns, and, stretched on the grass, indulge in wine and tilt the brazen bowls; the fires shine bright, and the guards pass the sleepless night in revelry.

108. All this the Trojans view from their rampart above, while in arms they guard their lofty wall, and not untroubled by anxious fears examine their gates, and join bridges and outworks all in arms. Mnestheus and bold Serestus press on the work, whom Father Eneas appointed to guide the youth and direct affairs, should adverse fortune at any time require

their aid. All the warriors having assigned by lot the posts of danger keep watch along the walls, and mount in turns their several guards.

176. Nisus, that valiant warrior, was guardian of the gate, the son of Hyrtacus, whom the huntress Ida had sent to accompany *Æneas*, a swift speeder of the javelin and the light arrows ; and with him as companion came Euryalus, than whom no fairer youth was among the followers of *Æneas*, or donned Trojan arms ; his unshorn cheeks marked with the down of early manhood. Theirs was a united love ; side by side they rushed to war ; then, too, they kept the gate on guard together. “Is it the Gods,” said Nisus, “who fill our hearts with these fires, my Euryalus, or do his own fierce passions become to each a God? *My* heart has long been urging me to attempt some contest or some mighty deed, and cannot rest content with calm repose. Thou seest what confidence in their fortunes possesses the Rutuli. But few lights gleam ; they are stretched on the ground overcome with sleep and wine ; far and wide their lines are still ; proceed to learn then what I ponder, and the purpose that now rises in my mind. All our people, the commons and the chiefs alike, demand that *Æneas* should be summoned, and that men should be sent to bear him certain tidings of our state. Now, if they promise thee the boon I ask (for the glory of the deed suffices for me), I think that I can find at the base of yonder mound a road to the walls and fortress of Pallanteum.” Euryalus stood amazed, and smitten with a great desire for renown ; then he thus addressed his eager friend : “Dost thou, then, Nisus, shun to associate me with thyself in deeds of high emprise? Am I to send thee forth alone to brave these dreadful perils? Not thus did my father Opheltes, versed in war, train and rear me to be a terror to the Argives, sharing the toils of Troy ; nor while with thee have I acted thus, as I followed the high-souled *Æneas* and his fortunes to the end. This heart fears not death, and is so framed as to deem that glory which thou seekest cheaply purchased at the cost of life.” To this Nisus: “No such fear had I in thy regard, nor could I justly doubt thee—no ; so may great Jove, or whatever God beholds this enterprise with favouring eye, bring me back to thee in

triumph. But if any evil chance—and many such thou seest in such a hazard—if any God should drive me to destruction, I should wish thee to survive; thy years deserve life better. May there be one to rescue my body from the fight or redeem it with a price and commit it to the earth with wonted rites, or—if haply Fortune should deny this service—to offer sacrifice for the missing dead and honour him with a tomb. Nor let me be the cause of such great grief to the unhappy mother who alone of so many matrons dared to follow thee, and regarded not the city of great Acestes." But he replied: "In vain dost thou contrive a web of idle reasons, my purpose is unchanged, and gives not way; let us make speed," quoth he. At the same time he rouses the guards, they replace them and mount guard in their turn; leaving the post, he himself moves on by Nisus, and they seek the prince.

224. All living things throughout the earth were casting off their cares in sleep, and refreshing their hearts forgetful of their toils; but the foremost chiefs of the Trojans, the chosen warriors, were holding counsel about this crisis in the state, as to what they were to do, or who should now be their messenger to Eneas. They stand leaning on their long spears, and bearing their shields, in the midst of the camp and open ground. Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus, in hurried eagerness crave to be admitted, pleading that their matter is important, and would be worth the delay. Iulus first welcomes the anxious youths, and bids Nisus speak. Then thus spoke the son of Hyrtacus: "Followers of Eneas, hear us with favourable minds, and let not these proposals of ours be judged by our years. The Rutuli are still and have succumbed to wine and sleep: we ourselves have spied out a way for stealthy approach, which lies open to the gate nearest to the sea, by which we pass out and in; the line of fire is broken, and the black smoke is rising to the stars; if you permit us to use this chance, to seek Eneas and the walls of Pallanteum, you will soon see us here again with our spoils having caused a mighty slaughter. Nor will the road elude us as we go; we have seen the outskirts of the city from the dark valleys beneath, while constantly engaged in hunting, and have explored the whole stream." Then spoke

Aletes, weighted with years and ripe in judgment : “ Gods of my country, under whose sway Troy has ever been, in spite of all, ye do not intend to destroy the Trojans utterly, when you have raised such courage in our youth, and such trusty hearts as these.” So saying, he clasped the shoulders and right hands of both, and bedewed their cheeks and faces with his tears. “ What rewards, what worthy recompense am I to think of worthy enough to be given to you heroes, for such a glorious deed ? The Gods and your consciences will first give you the fairest recompense ; then the pious *Aeneas* will quickly give the rest, and Ascanius, as yet untouched by age, who will never forget this great service.” “ Nay, I,” broke in Ascanius, “ whose only hope of safety lies in the bringing back of my father, appeal to you both, O Nisus, by the great Penates, and the Lar of Assaracus and the shrine of the pure Vesta : whatever fortune and faith is mine I trust to you ; summon my father back ; restore him to my sight ; there is naught to fear when I have won him back. I will give two goblets fairly fashioned of silver, and rough with graving, which my father took when he overthrew Arisba and Twin Tripods, two great talents of gold, and an ancient bowl which Phœnician Dido gave. But if it be my lot to take Italy with conquering hand, and win the sovereign power, and to allot the booty—thou hast seen the horse on which Turnus rode, the arms he wore, all glittering with gold—that very horse, the shield, and the ruddy crest I will keep back from the lot, even now they are thy allotted reward, O Nisus. Besides, my father shall give thee twice six chosen matrons and captives, and with them all their arms ; and besides these the plains which King Latinus himself has. But as for thee, held in high honour though a boy, whom my age follows nearer in the course, I now receive thee in my whole heart, and embrace thee as my companion in all chances. No glory shall be sought for my fortunes without thee ; whether I be engaged in peace or war, to thee most fully will I entrust all I do and say.” To him Euryalus thus makes answer : “ No day shall ever prove me unfit for the like brave deeds, provided only fortune prove kind, not cruel. But of thee above all gifts, I crave one boon. I have an aged mother of the race of Priam, whom, hapless

one, theilian land could not keep from departing with me, nor the walls of King Acestes.) Her I now leave ignorant of this peril, whatever it may be, and without greeting (night and thy right hand be my witness) that 'twas because I could not brook a mother's tears. But do thou, I entreat, comfort her in her loneliness, succour her when I have left her; let me carry with me this hope from thee: so shall I more boldly face all perils." Deeply moved, the sons of Troy shed tears; and most of all the comely Iulus, and the semblance of his love for his own father touched his mind. Then thus he speaks: "Assure thyself of all things worthy of thy great attempt. For she, of whom thou speakest, shall be to me a mother, and men shall say that but the name of Creusa is lacking; no small favour is in store for the mother of such a son. By my head I swear this, by which my father was erstwhile wont to swear; all that I promise thee if thou returnest successful, shall be assured to thy mother and her people." So he spoke, weeping over him, and as he spoke he took from his shoulder his sword adorned with gold, which the Cynoian Lycaon had made with wondrous art, and had fitted for carrying with a sheath of ivory. Mnestheus gives to Nisus a skin, the shaggy spoils of a lion; Aletes exchanges helmets with him. Straightway they arm and start, and all the company of chieftains, young and old, attends them to the gates with prayers. And the noble Iulus, too, with a mind and mature judgment beyond his years, gave many messages to be carried to his father; but the winds disperse them all and give them all in vain to the clouds.

314. Once outside they cross the ditch, and in the darkness of the night they make for the hostile camp to die themselves, yet first to be the death of many. On all sides they see bodies stretched on the grass, overcome by sleep and wine, chariots set upright on the shore, and warriors lying among the wheels and harness, and arms and wine-cups all commingled. And first thus spoke the son of Hyrtacus: "Euryalus, we must now strike boldly; the deed invites us. Here is our road. Do thou guard, and take good heed that no hand be able to assail us from behind. All this will I lay waste, and will lead thee by a broad path." (So he speaks with bated breath, and assails with his sword the

haughty Rhamnes, who, raised on high-piled rugs, happened to be breathing forth his sleep from his whole throat—himself a king, and by King Turnus an augur most beloved ; but he could not by his augury avert death. Three slaves near him he slays, lying carelessly among their arms ; and having come upon the armour-bearer and the charioteer of Remus under the very horses, he severs their down-dropped necks with the steel. Then he cuts off the head of their master himself, and leaves the trunk spouting blood : the earth and couch are dripping wet with warm black gore. And he slew Lamyrus and Lamus, too, and the youthful Serranus, who that night, fair youth, had played deep, and was lying overpowered in all his limbs by deep draughts of the wine-god. Well had it been for him had he played right on till he had played the night through, and protracted the game till the dawn. As a famished lion raging through the sheepfold (for maddening hunger impels him) mangles and carries off the gentle creatures dumb with fear, and growls with blood-stained jaws—no less carnage than this did Euryalus work. He, too, is fired with fury, and he falls upon a multitude of nameless common men who lie in his path : Fadus, and Herbesus, and Rhaetus, and Abaris—the rest unconscious of their doom ; Rhaetus, wakeful and seeing all, but fearing, sheltered himself behind a great bowl. Full in his breast as he tried to rise, rushing in, he buried his whole sword, and as he drew it out the blood followed it in streams ; the other pours forth the red stream of life, and in his dying struggles vomits mingled wine and blood. But he all fevered presses on his dark enterprise and was now making for the comrades of Messapus. There he saw the fires burning low, and the horses duly tethered cropping the grass, when Nisus thus briefly addresses him, for he sees that he is carried away by exceeding lust for slaughter : “ Let us desist,” he says, “ for unfriendly light approaches. We have drunk deep enough of vengeance : we have made a way through the enemy.” Many are the arms of heroes that they leave behind them, fashioned of solid silver, and bowls also and beautiful rugs. Euryalus takes the trappings of Rhamnes and a belt with golden studs, which the wealthy Cædicius sent once as a gift to Remulus of Tibur, when he formed ties of friendship with

him though absent. He when dying gave it to his grandson to keep; after his death, in war and fight, the Rutuli won it. This belt he takes and fastens it on his shoulders, vainly brave. Then he puts on the well-fitting helm of Messapus, adorned with a crest. They leave the camp and seek a place of safety.

367. Meanwhile horsemen, who had been sent on from the Latin city while the rest of the force remains drawn up on the plain, were coming, bearing answers to King Turnus, thrice a hundred men, all armed with shields, with Voleens at their head. And now they were nearing the camp and coming close up to the wall, when afar off they descried the two Trojans turning away on the left pathway, and in the faintly-illumined darkness of the night his helmet, flushed back rays of light, and betrayed the heedless Euryalus. Not carelessly did they regard the sight. Voleens shouts from his band: "Stand, my men! What is the reason of your journeying? Who are you that are in arms? Whither are you going?" No word did they offer in reply, but swiftly fled into the woods and trusted to the darkness. The horsemen post themselves at the well-known crossways on all sides, and surround all outlets with guards. It was a wood all bristling with brushwood and black ilex, which dense briars had overgrown; the path shone here and there through the tangled passes of the wood. The darkness of the boughs and the weight of his spoils impede Euryalus, and his fear makes him deviate from the line of road. Nisus escapes. And now, without thought of his companion, he had evaded the enemy and reached the region (which afterwards, from the name of Alba, was called Alban—at that time King Latinus had there his lofty stables), when he stopped and in vain looked back for his absent friend. "Oh, unhappy Euryalus! where have I left thee? and where am I to seek thee, again retracing all the mazy path of this baffling wood?" While he yet speaks he seeks and retraces the marks of his passage and wanders through the silent brakes. He hears the horses, he hears the cries, and all the sounds made by the pursuers. And no long time had intervened when a shout reaches his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom now the whole band has surprised, confused as he was by the mis-

leading paths and darkness, and the sudden turmoil, and is hurrying away, fiercely, but vainly resisting. What is he to do? With what force, with what arms is he to dare to rescue the youth? Must he hurl himself to certain death on their swords, and seek a swift and glorious end by many wounds? Quickly drawing back his arm and brandishing his spear, he looks up to the Moon Goddess now high in the heavens and thus prays: "Do thou, Goddess—do thou with thy presence aid my efforts, Latona, glory of the stars and guardian of the woods! If at any time my father Hyrtacus has offered gifts on my behalf at thy altars—if I myself have added any gifts from my victims in the chase, and hung them from thy dome or attached them to thy sacred roof-tree, grant that I may confound this band, and guide my weapons through the air." He ceased, and exerting all his strength he hurled his spear. The missile flying cleaves the shades of night and pierces the back of Sulmo as he looks the other away, and there is broken off, and, though the wood is shivered, drives through his midriff. He falls cold in death, pouring from his breast the warm stream of life, and his sides heave with long gasping sobs. They look around on all sides, when lo, emboldened by this cast, from above his ear he hurled a second lance. While they are in confusion, the spear passed whizzing through both temples of Tagus, and stuck warming in the pierced brain. Bold Volcens raged, and saw not anywhere the hurler of the lance, and knew not where in his wrath he could make an attack. "Nathless, thou meantime with thy warm blood shalt pay the penalty for both," says he; and with drawn sword he rushed against Euryalus. Then, indeed, scared and maddened, Nisus cries aloud, and could no longer conceal himself in the gloom or endure such great anguish: "Me! me! I am here who did it; on me turn your weapons, O Rutulians! Mine is all the blame: he neither dared nor could do aught! I call the sky and all-seeing stars to witness; he only loved too much his hapless friend." Such words he was pouring forth; but the sword, driven home by the strong arm, has pierced the side and riven the fair white breast. Euryalus falls in death, and the blood trickles down his fair limbs, and his neck droops sinking on his shoulders. E'en so a

bright flower cut down by the plough fades in death, or poppies hang their heads on their weaned stems when they chance to be weighed down by rain. But Nisus rushes into the midst of them, and among them all seeks Voleens alone; he stays for none but Voleens. And the foemen, crowding round him on all sides, close with him and beat him back. None the less vigorously does he press on, and whirls his sword like a thunderbolt, until he has plunged it in the opposing face of the Rutulian as he shrieked for aid, and even in his death-throes robbed his foe of life. Then, pierced through and through, he cast himself on his lifeless friend, and there at last lay stilled in death's calm sleep.

446. Fortunate pair! if my straits availed aught, no day shall ever remove you from rememb'ring time; while the house of Eneas shall dwell on the firm rock of the Capitol and the Roman father shall hold sway.

450. The Rutuli victorious, and having possessed themselves of the booty and the spoils, weeping, bore back the lifeless Voleens to the camp. Nor less was the grief in the camp when Rhamnes was found lifeless and so many chiefs slain in one slaughter, and Serranus and Numa. There is an immense crowd to recognise the bodies, and round the lying warriors and the ground, freshly stained with gore, yet warm, and the streams running with foaming blood. They pass the spoils from one to another, and recognise the glittering helmet of Messapus and the trappings, recovered with so much toil.

459. And now Aurora, just leaving the saffron couch of Tithonus, was shedding on the world the light of a new day. When now the sun's rays were poured forth and all things were disclosed by his beams, Turnus, having girded on his own arms, calls upon his men to arm, and each leader urges on his mailed ranks to the fight, while with varied tales they rouse their wrath. Nay, they even fix on spears and raise aloft the heads of Euryalus and Nisus—a sorry sight—and follow them with loud execrations. The sturdy followers of Eneas on the left side of the wall drew up their opposing line—for the right side is covered by the river—and guard their vast entrenchments and sadly men their lofty towers; and the faces of the heroes fixed before them, so familiar to

their too unhappy friends and dripping with black gore, troubled them also.

473. Meanwhile winged Fame flits swiftly with her news through the scared settlement, and glides to the ear of the mother of Euryalus. And straightway warm life left the frame of the unhappy dame, the spindle fell from her shocked hands, and the thread unwound. Hapless she flies forth, and with woman's shrieks, rending her hair, she madly rushes to the walls and the forefront of the host; little cares she for the men, little does she regard the danger and the flying weapons; then she fills the wide air with her laments: "Is it thus that I behold thee, Euryalus? Couldst thou, O cruel one, couldst thou, the latest solace of my age, leave me thus lonely? has thy wretched mother not been allowed to speak a last word to thee, when thou wast sent to face such perils? Alas! thou liest in a strange land, thrown as prey to Latin dogs and birds! and I, thy mother, have not accompanied thee to the grave, or closed thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, covering thee with the robe which I was hurrying to completion for thee, working night and day, solacing an old woman's cares with the loom. Whither shall I follow thee? What land now holds thy limbs, and severed members and mangled corpse? Is it but this, my son, that thou bringest back to me of thyself? Is this what I have followed by land and sea? Pierce me, if you have any feeling; on me hurl your darts, O Rutuli; slay me first with the steel; or do thou, great Father of the Gods, take pity, and with thy bolt hurl one whom thou hatest down to Tartarus, since not otherwise can I break the bonds of this cruel life." With these wailings their hearts were wrung, and a sorrowful murmur runs through them all: their strength is numbered and broken for the battle. Her, as her grief grows wilder, Idæus and Actor, at the bidding of Ilioneus and Iulus, whose tears are many, raise in their arms and bear back to her dwelling.

503. But the trumpet with its sounding brass rang out its terrible note from afar; a shout followed, and the heavens roared responsive. The Volsei hurry to the attack in ordered ranks, advancing their covering of shields, and prepare to fill the trenches and to breach the wall; some seek an entrance and to scale the walls with ladders, where the line is thin,

and the ring of defenders shows gaps, the men being set less thickly. The Trojans, accustomed by the long war to defend a wall, hurled against them every missile, and thrust them down with tough poles. Stones also they roll down of deadly weight, hoping somewhere to succeed in breaking through the shielded ranks; while yet the assailants delight to brave all chances under the dense covering. And now they prevail no longer. For where the band most threatens, the Trojans uproot and roll down a mighty mass of rock, which laid the Rutuli low far and wide, and broke up their covering of arms. Nor do the bold Rutuli care longer to fight against unseen perils, but strive to drive the foe from his rampart with missiles. In one place grim-visaged Mezentius brandishes a Tuscan pine-torch, and hurls into the camp the densely smoking flames; while Messapus, tamer of steeds, Neptune's son, tears down the palisade, and calls for ladders wherewith to scale the walls.

525. Calliope, I entreat thee and the other Muses, inspire me as I sing, what havoc Turnus on that day wrought there with his sword, what deaths he caused, what warrior each sent down to Orcus, and unroll with me the mighty borders of the war. [For ye remember, Goddesses, and can tell what ye remember.]

530. There stood a tower of vast height, and with lofty bridges, favourably placed, which all the Italians with all their strength were trying to take by storm, and with all the power of their resources to overthrow; the Trojans opposing them defended it with stones, and through the hollow windows hurled missiles in showers. First Turnus hurled a flaming firebrand, and fixed the flame in the side of the tower, and, fanned to fury by the wind, it seized on the planks and clung to the beams which it consumed. Those within were alarmed and thrown into confusion, and in vain wished to escape the danger. While they crowd together, and retreat back to the part which as yet is untouched by the fire, then, with the weight, the tower suddenly sank forwards and all heaven thundered with the crash. Dying they reach the earth, the huge mass falling on them, pierced with their own weapons, and with the hard timbers driven through their breasts. Scarce Helenor alone and Lycus

escaped ; of whom the youthful Helenor—whom the slave Licymnia had borne in secret to the Lydian king, and had sent to Troy, though arms were forbidden to him—was but slightly armed with a naked sword, an undistinguished warrior, his shield unblazoned. He, when he saw himself amidst the hosts of Turnus, and the Latin armies pressing on him on this side and on that : like a wild animal which, when hedged in by a dense ring of hunters, charges fiercely on their weapons, and knowingly rushes on death, and leaps upon the hunting spears : even so the youth rushes to certain death into the midst of the enemy, and makes for the place where he sees the weapons flying thickest. But Lycus, far swifter of foot, through foe and arms reaches the walls in flight, and strives to grasp the high summit of the battlement, and touch his comrades' hands. Him Turnus pursued alike with his dart, and with speed of foot, and exulting thus taunts him : “And didst thou madly hope that thou couldst escape my hand ?” And as he spoke he grasped him as he hung, and tore him away with a great part of the wall : as when Jove's armour-bearer, seeking its lofty eyrie has carried off with curved talons a hare or a white swan, or a wolf sacred to Mars has torn from the fold a lamb, sought by its dam with piteous bleating. On all sides a shout is raised ; they charge on and fill the ditches with the mound, while others hurl blazing torches on the summit of the wall. Ilioneus lays Lucetius low with a stone, the huge fragment of a mountain, as bearing brands he nears the gate ; Liger Emathion, Asilas Corynæus—the one excelling with the javelin, the other with the arrow, which strikes unawares from afar. Cæneus slays Ortygius, and Turnus Cæneus in the moment of victory. Turnus slays Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas standing in defence of the highest tower ; Capys slew Privernus. Him first the light spear of Themilla had grazed ; he madly casting down his shield carried his hand to the wound ; for this his hand was pinned to his left side as the arrow came smoothly gliding on its wings, and, deeply buried, rent his lungs with a deadly wound. The son of Arcens was standing in splendid arms, his cloak embroidered, and bright with Hiberian dye—a youth splendid to look on, whom his father

Arcens had sent, reared in the grove of his mother by the springs of Symethus; where is the rich and kindly altar of Palicus. Mezentius, laying aside his spears, thrice whirled round his head his whistling sling, drawing back the thong, and with the molten lead he clove his adversary's forehead in the midst, and stretched him in death on the thick sand.

590. Then first Ascanius is said to have aimed a swift shaft in war—Ascanius who before had been accustomed to scare only the fearful beasts—and with his hand to have laid low the brave Numanus, surnamed Remulus, who had lately allied himself in marriage to the younger sister of Turnus. He was going to and fro in front of the first line shouting out words worthy and unworthy to be told, his heart swelling with pride in his new royalty, and he bore his giant bulk proudly as he shouted: "Are you not ashamed, twice captured Phrygians, to be pent in a second time by a rampart and a besieging army? to put walls between yourselves and death? Behold the men who with the sword demand our wives! What God, what madness, has driven you to Italy? Here are no Atridae; here is no false-tongued Ulysses. Even from our birth a hardy race, we first of all take our children to the stream, and harden them with the cruel chill of the water. Our boys spend the hours of sleep in the chase and scour the woods; their sport is to guide the steed and speed the shaft from the bow; while our young men, trained to endure toil, and accustomed to scanty fare, subdue the soil with toothed hoes, or harass towns with war. Through all our lives we wield the sword, with inverted spear we goad the hides of our steers; nor does enfeebling age lessen our strength or change the vigour of our spirit. We cover our gray hairs with the helmet, and never cease to delight in collecting fresh booty and living on our spoils. For you, your robes shine bright with saffron and lustrous purple; dear is sloth to your hearts. It is your delight to revel in the dance, and your tunics have sleeves, and your head-dresses are adorned with fillets. O ye who are in truth Phrygian dames (for Phrygian men ye are not), go through lofty Dindyma where the flute utters its twofold note to your accustomed ears. The timbrel and the Berecythian pipe of the Idean mother

invite you ; leave arms to men, and give up the sword to others." Him, as he thus uttered boasting words and prophesied evil, Ascanius brooked not ; and, turning towards him, he fits an arrow to his horsehair bow-string, and stood firm, drawing his arms apart, and raised his voice in suppliant tones to Jove in prayer : " Almighty Jupiter, favour my bold attempt. I myself will bring to thy temples yearly offerings, and will offer at thy shrine a snow-white steer with gilded forehead, bearing his head high as his mother's, of an age to attack with the horn, and scatter the sand with his hoofs." The Father heard him, and from a clear region of the sky thundered on the left, and simultaneous with the thunder's peal the deadly bow twanged ; with a dread whirr the well-drawn shaft sped on its way, and passed through the head of Remulus, and drove a hole through his temples with its steel tip. " Go now, and mock at valour with arrogant words ! This is the answer that the twice-captured Phrygians return to the Rutuli." But so much spake Ascanius. The Teucri shout applause, and utter cries of joy, and raise their courage to the stars. Apollo, with flowing tresses, chanced then to be observing from the regions of the sky, throned on a cloud, the Ausonian lines and the settlement, and thus he addresses the victorious Iulus : " Prosper in thy new valour, boy ; thus mayest thou reach the skies, child of the Gods, and destined to be father of Gods. Rightly under the race of Assaracus will all the wars that are destined to come be quelled ; nor can Troy contain thee." While he thus spoke he launches himself from the high æther, and parts the breathing airs and seeks Ascanius. Then he changes the form of his face to that of the aged Butes. (He had erstwhile been armour-bearer to Dardanian Anchises, and faithful guardian of his door. Then his father assigned him to Ascanius as his attendant.) Apollo moved in all things like the old man, in voice and colour, and in his snowy hair and fiercely-clashing arms, and with these words addressed the exulting Iulus : " Be content, O son of Æneas, that thou hast, unscathed thyself, slain with thy shaft Numanus. This first success the great Apollo grants thee, and grudges not to thee thy skill in arms equal to his own : abstain, my child, from further warfare." Apollo thus commenced ; then, while

yet speaking, left mortal sight and disappeared far from their eyes into thin air. The Dardan chiefs recognise the God and his divine weapons, and they heard his quiver ring as he flew. Therefore, by the words and divine authority of Phœbus, they restrain Ascanius, yet eager for the fray. They themselves again renew the fight, and expose their lives to the dangers of the open field. A shout rises through the defences all along the walls; they bend their strong bows and hurl their javelins. The whole ground is strewn with missiles; the shields and hollow helmets ring out as they are struck; the stormy tide of battle surges fierce as the rain which, coming from the west in the season of the rainy kid-stars, lashes the ground; fierce as the storm-clouds which hurl themselves into the sea in lashing hail, what time Jupiter, dread ruler of the south wind, whirls the watery storm, and bursts the hollow clouds in the sky.

672. Pandarus and Bitias, sons of the Idean Alceon, whom the wood-nymph Iæra bore in the grove of Jove, warriors rivalling in stature the pine-trees of their native mountains, unclose the gate which had been entrusted to them by the command of their leader, and, trusting to their arms alone, even invite the foe to the walls. They themselves stand within on the right hand and on the left to defend the towers, armed all in steel, their tall heads crowned with waving plumes, e'en like two tall oaks beside flowing streams, or on the banks of Po, or near the pleasant Athesis, which rise side by side, and rear their unlopped heads to the sky, and sway their lofty crowns. The Rutuli burst in as soon as they saw the entrance lying open. Straightway Quereens and Aquiculus, with his rich armour, and the fiery Tmarus and Hamon, son of Mars, either turning retreated with all their bands, or laid down their lives on the very threshold of the gate. Then more and more fierce grows the wrath in the hearts of the combatants; and now the Trejins gather their forces and flock to the same place, and dare to engage hand-to-hand, and to advance beyond their lines.

691. As Turnus, the leader, in another part of the field fights fiercely and confounds his foes, the news is brought to him that the enemy are flushed with fresh bloodshed, and

are throwing wide their gates. He leaves the work he has in hand, and, stirred by fell wrath, he rushes to the Dardan gate and the haughty brothers. And first he lays low Antiphates (for he was pressing to the front), the spurious son of great Sarpedon by a Theban mother, hurling his spear at him. The Italian cornel-wood flies through the yielding air, and, fixed in his *stomach*, passes on beneath his deep chest ; the cavern of the black wound pours forth a foaming tide, and the spear grows warm in his pierced lungs. Then he lays low with his hand Meropes and Erymas, then Aphidnus, then Bitias, his eyes blazing and his heart filled with rage, (he slew,) but not with a lance, for he would not have yielded up his life to a lance ; but the falaric flew, hurled whistling shrilly through the air, driven to its mark like a thunder-bolt, which neither two bull's hides, nor the trusty corselet with its double scales of gold, could resist, and the mighty frame collapses and falls ; the earth groans, and his huge shield thunders over him. Just as at times on the Eubœan shore of Baiæ a mass of masonry falls, which, when it has been formed before with vast labour, they cast into the sea. So in its fall it crashes headlong down, and lies deep planted in the shallows. The seas are troubled, and the black sands are stirred up. Then high Prochyta trembles at the sound, and Inarime, placed by Jove's bidding over Typhœus, a hard resting-place.

717. And now Mars, mighty in war, gives fresh courage and strength to the Latins, and stirred their hearts to eager effort, while amongst the Trojans he sent flight and dark fear. They assemble from all sides, since a chance of fighting has been given to them, and the warrior-god enters into their souls. Pandarus, when he saw his brother outstretched in death, and the present state of their fortunes, and how chance was directing matters, with mighty strength swings the gate on its turning hinges, pressing against it with his broad shoulders, and leaves many of his friends shut outside the walls in the stubborn fight ; while others he shuts in with himself, and receives them as they rush in. Fool ! in that he saw not the Rutulian king rushing on in the midst of the crowd, and with his own hand closed him in the settlement, like a savage tiger amidst helpless sheep. Straightway a

new light kindled in his eyes, and his arms clashed with dreadful sound: the blood-red plumes tremble on his head, and he sends forth glittering flashes from his shield. At once the followers of Eneas in wild confusion recognise the hated face, the huge limbs. Then the great Pandarus springs forth from the ranks, and glowing with wrath for his brother's death, he speaks: "This is not the palace, the dower promised by Amata; nor does the midst of Ardea enclose thee, Turnus, within thy native walls. Thou seest a hostile camp: hence thou hast no power to escape." To him said Turnus, smiling, with untroubled breast: "Begin, if there be any courage in thy heart, and join battle with me: thou shalt tell Priam that here, too, thou hast found an Achilles." He ceased. The other, exerting all his strength, hurls against him a spear rough with knots and untrimmed bark: the winds received it. Saturnian Juno turned aside the coming blow, and the spear is fixed in the gate. "But thou shalt not escape this weapon, which my right hand wields with might: nor such in truth is the user of this weapon, the dealer of this stroke." So he speaks, and, lifting his sword on high, he rises to the stroke, and cleaves with the steel the middle of his forehead between his two temples, and parts the beardless cheeks with a hideous wound. There is a crash—the earth was shaken by his vast weight. In dying agony he stretches on the ground his swooning limbs, and his arms spattered with his blood and brains, and his head cleft in twain hangs on his shoulders on this side and on that. The Trojans, turning, scatter in wild alarm; and if at once the thought had entered the victor's mind to burst the barriers with his hand and let his friends into the gates, that day would have been the last of the war and of the people of Troy. But furious rage and the mad lust for slaughter drove him fiercely on his foes. First he caught Phaleris and Gyges, cutting his ham-strings; plucking his spears from their bodies, he hurls them against the back of those who flee from him. Juno nerves him for the fray, and gives him strength. To accompany them he sends Halys and Phegeus, piercing his shield, and then Aleander and Halius, Noeimon and Prytanis, whom he took unawares on the walls while cheering on the battle. Lynceus, who opposed him, calling on his friends to

aid him, with flashing sword he smote swift and strong from the rampart on the right: his head, swept off in close fight by this one stroke, lay still covered with the helmet far from his body. Then he slew Amycus, the scourge of wild beasts, than whom no other was more skilled to anoint his shafts and arm the steel with poison; and Clytius the son of Æolus, and Cretheus dear to the Muses—Cretheus, the Muses' friend, who ever loved minstrelsy and the lyre, and to draw harmonious numbers from the strings: his theme was ever the steeds and arms of heroes, and doughty deeds.

778. At length the leaders of the Trojans assemble, hearing of the slaughter of their men—Mnestheus and the brave Serestus—and they see their comrades straggling and the foe within the walls. And Mnestheus cries out, “Whither, then, whither are ye fleeing? What other walls have ye—what ramparts besides these? Shall one man, and he shut in on all sides by your walls, my countrymen, scatheless himself, cause such carnage through the settlement and send so many of our bravest warriors to Orcus? Have ye no shame, no pity for your unhappy country and your ancestral Gods and the great Æneas, cravens that ye are?” Fired by these words, they rally and form in a dense band. Turnus slowly retires from the fight, and seeks the river and that part of the wall which is surrounded by the stream. The more eagerly for this the Trojans press upon him with mighty clamour, and form a dense band around him. As when a crowd with hostile darts assail a fierce lion, while he, terrified, retreats, savage with menacing looks: and neither do his rage and courage suffer him to turn to flight, nor is he able (though this, in sooth, is what he longs to do) to rush against them through the darts and men. Even so, Turnus, hesitating, retreats with lingering step, and his mind seethes with rage. Nay, even then he had twice charged into the midst of his foes, twice driven their disordered ranks in flight round the walls. But the whole army hastily assembles from the camp against him alone, and Saturnian Juno does not dare to give him strength to oppose them: for Jupiter sent down Iris through the sky from heaven, bearing no kindly mandates to his sister, should Turnus not depart from the lofty ramparts of the Trojans. Therefore the war-

rior cannot withstand the assault with shield or sword : with such a hail of darts is he overwhelmed from all sides. Around his temples ceaseless rings his hollow helmet, and its solid brazen sides are split with stones, and the crest is dashed from his head : nor can his bossy shield resist the blows. The Trojans and Mnestheus himself like a thunder cloud hurl spear on spear. Then sweat streams from his whole body and runs down in a pitchy stream, nor can he longer breathe : labouring gasps shake his wearied limbs. Then at length, all armed as he was, he leaped headlong into the river. It received him as he comes in its yellow waters, and bore him up on its gentle waves and washed off the gore, and restored him refreshed to his companions.

8



## BOOK X.

1. MEANWHILE the mansions of all-powerful Olympus are thrown open, and the father of Gods and king of men summons a council to his starry throne, from which, high-raised, he surveys all the earth, and the camp of the sons of Dardanus, and the peoples of Latium. They sit in conclave in the double-gated halls ; he himself begins :

5. "Great dwellers in heaven, why has your judgment changed for the worse ? Why do you thus fiercely strive with minds embittered ? I had forbidden that Italy should meet the Trojans in war. What means this quarrel, against my orders ? What fear has induced or these or those to follow arms and provoke the sword ? The fitting time for battle will surely come—do not anticipate it—when fierce Carthage shall one day open a passage through the Alps and send great ruin on the heights of Rome ; then may you vie in hate, then may you pillage and plunder ; now leave them to themselves, and cheerfully ratify the treaty which I have willed."

16. Thus briefly Jupiter ; but the golden-haired Venus in reply spoke, and spoke not briefly : "O Father, eternal sovereign of Gods and men ! for what else can there be to which we may now appeal ? Dost thou not see how the Rutuli exult over us, and Turnus is borne through the midst of the host, conspicuous for his horses, and rushes on elated by his success in war ? No longer do the battlements, closed though they be, protect the Trojans ; nay, within the gates and on the high-raised walls themselves they join battle, and fill the trenches with blood. Eneas is away, unwitting what has chanced. Wilt thou never suffer them to be free from siege ? A second time a foe threatens the walls of the new rising Troy, ay, and a second host ; and a second

time a son of Tydeus rises against the Trojans from the Aetolian Arpi. Even for myself wounds are in store, I trow, and I, thy offspring, but delay mortal arms ! If without thy consent, and against the will of heaven, the Trojans have sought Italy, let them suffer for their fault, and aid them not with thy help ; but if, in seeking it, they have but followed many oracles given by the Gods above and the shades below, why now can anyone prevail to set at naught thy bidding, or to establish new destinies ? Why should I recall the fleets burnt on the shore of Eryx ? Why the king of storms, and the raging tempests raised in Æolia, or Iris sent from heaven ? Now she even stirs the shades—till now that region remained untried—and Allecto, suddenly let loose on the upper air, has passed raving through the midst of the cities of Italy. No longer am I swayed by desire for empire—for the accomplishment of those promises of thine we hoped while fortune smiled on us ; let those conquer whom thou wouldest have conquer. If there is no region which thy cruel spouse can grant to the Trojans, I beseech thee, Father, by the smoking ruins of Troy destroyed, may it be permitted to me to send Ascanius away from the war in safety : grant that my grandson may survive. Since so it must be, let Aeneas be tossed about on unknown waters, and follow whatever path chance may give ; give me but power to save the boy, and withdraw him from the cruel fight. Amathus, and the lofty Paphos, Cythera, and the abodes of Idalia are mine ; here, laying his arms aside, let him pass his life inglorious. Bid Carthage rule o'er Italy with mighty sway ; from him will come no stay to the Tyrian cities. What has it availed to have escaped the bane of war and to have fled through the midst of the Argive fires ? What that so many dangers of the sea and desert land have been undergone, while the Trojans seek Latium and a restored Pergamus ? Would it not have been better to have settled on the last ashes of their country, and the soil on which Troy once stood ? Restore, I entreat thee, Xanthus and Simois to this ill-starred race ; grant to the Trojans, O Father, to experience again the woes of Ilium !”

62. Then out spoke queenly Juno, stirred with fierce wrath : “ Why dost thou force me to break my deep silence and to give words to my hidden sorrows ? Has any mortal,

any God, compelled Eneas to seek out war, and force his enmity on King Latinus? He has sought Italy by the will of destiny—granted—he was impelled by the ravings of Cassandra: have we exhorted him to leave his camp and commit his life to the winds? to entrust the mighty issues of war, to entrust his camp, to a boy? and to disturb the loyalty of the Tyrrhenes, or stir up peaceful peoples? What God, what cruel power of ours, has driven him to wrong? Where in all this is Juno, and Iris sent down from the clouds? 'Tis shame Italians should invest with flames the infant Troy, and Turnus should stand on his native earth, whose grandfather was Pilumnus, whose mother was the Goddess Veniha! What is it that the Trojans with the dire torch of war should attack the Latins, should crush beneath their yoke the lands of others and drive off spoil? What is it that they should choose their father-in-law and carry off betrothed brides from the bosoms of their lords! should sue for peace in outward seeming, yet should fix arms outside their vessels? Thou canst rescue Eneas from the hands of the Greeks, and expose to them instead of the hero a mist and empty air, and canst change his ships into so many sea nymphs; is it to be deemed a crime that we on our side have somewhat aided the Rutuli? Eneas (thou sayest) is away, unwitting what has chanced: well, let him be away unwitting. Thou hast Paphos and Idalia, thou hast lofty Cythera; why seekest thou to stir up a city teeming with wars and savage hearts? Do we endeavour utterly to overthrow to thy hurt the failing power of Phrygia? We! Or was it the deity who opposed the hapless Trojans to the Greeks? Who was the cause that Europe and Asia rose against each other in arms, and loosed by a theft the bonds of peace? Was it under *my* guidance that the adulterous son of Dardanus sacked Sparta? or did I supply weapons and fan the blaze of war with lust? It is *then* thou shouldst have feared for thy friends; now too late dost thou arise with unjust complaints, and hurl about ineffectual railing."

96. So pleaded Juno, and all the dwellers in heaven murmured in assent to this side or to that; as the first gusts of the storm murmur when caught in the woods, and toss about mysterious sounds, informing seamen of the coming tempest.

Then the Father omnipotent, whose is supreme power over all things, begins to speak, and as he speaks the lofty palace of the Gods is hushed, and the earth trembles to its foundations ; the high heaven is stilled : then the zephyrs died away ; the sea hushes its waters to rest. " Hear, then, and fix in your minds these words of mine. Since it is not permitted that the Ausonii should be leagued with the Trojans, and your dissensions have no end ; whatever fortune each has to-day, whatever hope each follows, whether he be Trojan or Rutulian, I will make no distinction, whether by the good fortune of the Italians the camp be beleaguered, or by the luckless error of Troy and the adverse warnings. Nor do I hold the Rutulians free. What each has commenced shall bring to each his pains and his success. Jupiter is king alike to all men. The fates shall find their own road." Swearing by the streams of his Stygian brother, by the banks seething with pitch and with black swirling waters, he ratified his oath with a nod, and all Olympus trembled at his nod. Here ended their debate. Then Jupiter rises from his golden throne, and the dwellers in heaven surround him and conduct him to his doors.

118. Meantime the Rutuli all around the camp at all the gates press on to slay the defenders, and to fire the walls. But the followers of Æneas are pent within their ramparts, nor is there any hope of escape. Hapless they stand on the lofty turrets, albeit in vain, and post around the walls a scanty line of defenders. Asius the son of Imbrasus, and Thymœtes son of Hicetaon, and the two Assaraci, and the aged Thymbris, with Castor, comprise the front line ; these the two brethren of Sarpedon, Clarus and Themon, accompany from lofty Lycia. Acmo of Lyrnesus, no whit inferior to his father Clytius or his brother Mnestheus, heaves, with a mighty effort of his whole frame, a huge rock, no small part of a mountain. Some with javelins, others with stones, strive to defend themselves, and prepare fire, and fit the arrow to the string. Lo ! in the midst, the Dardan boy himself, Venus' most fitting care, his noble head uncovered, glitters like a gem which cleaves the yellow gold, an ornament for neck or head ; or as ivory shines, skilfully set in boxwood or Orician terebinth. His snowy neck is covered by his flowing

locks, and a band of pliant gold fastens them. Thee, also, Ismarus, thy valiant tribesmen saw, aiming deadly weapons and arming shafts with venom, noble son of a Maeonian house where the men till fat fields, and Paetolus waters them with its golden stream. Mnestheus, too, was there, whom the fame, just won, of having driven Turnus from the ramparts, exalted high, and Capys; from him comes the name of the Campanian city.

166. They had engaged with one another in the stubborn conflict: Æneas was cleaving the main at midnight. For when, leaving Evander, he entered the Etruscan camp, he approached the king, and to the king he tells his name and race, and what he sought, and what himself proposed: he sets forth what forces Mezentius is joining to himself, and the violent disposition of Turnus; he warns him what little confidence men may place in fortune, and minglest prayers with his counsel. No delay is made: Tarchon joins forces with him and concludes a treaty: then, freed from fate, the Lydian people embark by the order of the Gods, entrusting themselves to a foreign leader. Æneas' vessel leads the way, the Phrygian lions bound to its beak beneath, and above them towers Ida, most dear to the exiled Trojans. Here sits the great Æneas, and revolves in his mind the various chances of the war: while Palladas, close to his left side, now asks about the stars, the path of dark night, now about his sufferings by land and sea.

163. And now, ye Goddesses, throw wide the gates of Helicon, and sing what host the while accompanied Æneas from the Tuscan shores, and manned the ships and was wafted over the deep.

165. Massicus first cleaves the waves with the brass clad Tigris, under whom was a band of a thousand youths who left the walls of Clusium and the city of Cosa: on whose shoulders hung as weapons arrows and light quivers, and the deadly bow. With him is grim Abbas, his whole band glittered in splendid arms, and on his poop shone a gilded Apollo. To him his native Populonia had given six hundred warriors proved in war, while Ilva sent three hundred, an island rich in the inexhaustible mines of the Chalybes. Third, Asilas that famous interpreter to mortals

of the will of Heaven, whom the entrails of the victims, whom the stars of heaven, obey, and the tongues of birds, and the prophetic fires of the thunderbolt—hurries with him to the war a thousand warriors in dense ranks with bristling spears. These Pisæ bids obey him, a city in origin Alphean, built on Etruscan ground. The fair Astyr follows—Astyr, trusting in his steed and his variegated armour. Those who dwell in Cære, those who dwell in the fields watered by the Minio, and old Pyrgi, and unhealthy Gravisæ, add three hundred more—all inspired with the same desire to follow to the war.

185. I would not pass thee by, Cinyras, most valiant leader of the Ligurians, or thee, Cupavo, though accompanied by few followers, from whose crest rise swans' plumes; love was thy shame, and thy blazon thy father's form. For they tell that Cycnus, grieving for his loved Phaethon while he sang among the poplar leaves, and in the shade of his sisters, and solaced his grieving love with sweet strains, assumed a white old age of soft plumes, leaving the earth and seeking the stars with his voice. His son, accompanying with his ship the bands of his equals in age, drives forward with oars the huge Centaur: the figure-head, high-raised, impends over the water, and threatens the waves with a vast stone, and the long keel furrows the deep sea.

199. He, too, Ocnus, calls his following from his native shores, the son of prophetic Manto and the Tuscan stream, who gave to thee, Mantua, walls and the name of his mother—Mantua, rich in ancestors; but all were not of the same race: her race was threefold, four separate peoples belonged to each, and she herself was the head of the peoples; her strength was in her Tuscan blood. Hence, too, Mezentius armed against himself five hundred men, whom Mincius, son of Benacus, crowned with gray sedge, was leading over the sea in a hostile ship of pine. There goes the mighty Aulestes, and rising to the stroke lashes the sea with a hundred oars: the shallows foam as the smooth surface is torn up. Him vast Triton bears along, and his dark shell frightening the waves. Down to his waist as he floats his shaggy front shows human form, his belly ends in a shark; the foaming water murmurs under the monster's breast. So

many chosen chiefs were going in thirty ships to the aid of Troy, and cleaving the ocean plains with brazen prow.

215. And now day had left the heaven, and kindly Phoebe in her night-wandering car was touching mid-Olympus: Eneas—for care allows no rest to his limbs—scuted, himself manages the rudder and tends the sails. And in mid-course, lo! a band meets him of his own companions—Nymphs whom benign Cybele had ordered to have divine power in the sea and from being ships to become Nymphs. They swam along, keeping pace with his ship, and cut through the waves, as many in number as before there had been brass-clad prows on the shore. Afar off they recognise the king, and surround him with dances. And Cymodoea, who was of them all most skilled to speak, following behind, grasps the ship with her right hand, and even her body is raised to the waist out of the sea, while with her left hand she oars her way upon the still waters. Then thus she addresses him who was all ignorant of what this might mean: “Art wakeful, heaven-born Eneas! Be wakful, then, and shake out the reefs! It is we, the pine-trees of Ida from the sacred summit, now Nymphs of the sea, once your fleet. When the perfidious Rutulian was driving us headlong with fire and sword we broke your moorings, albeit unwillingly, and sought thee on the sea. This new form the mother, pitying, gave us, and granted that we should be Goddesses, and pass our lives beneath the waves. But the boy Ascanius is pent within the wall and trenches amongst the missiles and the Latins bristling with arms. The Aca- dian horsemen now occupy the appointed place, joined with the brave Etruscans. It is the fixed intention of Turnus to meet them midway with his squadrons, that they may not join the camp. Arise, then, and with the approach of dawn be early in bidding thy friends to be called to arms, and take the invincible shield which the Lord of Fire himself gave thee, and bound its edges with gold. Tomorrow’s light, if thou deemest not my words vain, shall see vast heaps of Rutuli dead.” She ceased, and, departing, urged on the tall ship with her right hand as she well knew now. It flies through the waves swifter even than the javelin and the arrow, which equals in speed the winds. Then the others speed on more

swiftly. The Trojan son of Anchises is lost in blind amaze : still, he takes courage from the omen. Then raising his eyes to the vault of heaven above him, he briefly prays : "Kindly Idæan mother of the Gods, to whom Dindyma is dear, and towered cities and the yoke of lions broken to the bit, be thou now my leader in the fight, do thou duly accomplish this augury ; with favouring foot, O Goddess, assist the Phrygians." So much he spoke ; and meanwhile returning day was rushing on with full light, and had chased away the darkness. First, he bids his friends obey the signals, and prepare their courage for action and gird themselves for the fight. And now he has the Trojans in full view, and his own camp as he stands on the lofty poop ; and then he raised high in his left hand his glowing shield. The Dardans from the walls raise a shout to heaven : access of hope rouses their wrath : they hurl darts. E'en so the cranes from the banks of Strymon from beneath the black clouds give warning of their coming, and traverse the sky with loud cries, and with joyful notes fly before the south winds. But to the Rutulian prince and the Ausonian leaders all this seemed strange, until, looking back, they see the sterns turned to the shore, and the whole sea gliding in with the fleet. The summit of the hero's helmet blazes on his head, and from the crest on its top a flame shines forth, and the golden shield shoots forth great flashes of fire ; just as sometimes, on a clear night, blood-red comets glow with baleful glare, or blazing Sirius, the star that brings thirst and sickness to troubled mortals, rises and saddens the heavens with his ill-omened beams.

276. Nevertheless courage failed not the bold Turnus to occupy the shore beforehand and drive the coming foe from the land [promptly he encourages them with his words, and even chides them]. "What in your prayers ye have desired ye have now in your power, to force your way through the enemy. Brave men have Mars himself in their hands. Be now each and all of ye mindful of wife and home : recall now the mighty deeds, the glories of your sires. Let us wait not for their onset, but rush to the water's edge while they are in confusion, and are taking their first uncertain steps in landing. Fortune favours the brave." So he speaks, and

considers with himself whom to lead against his new foes, and to whom he may entrust the siege of the encampment.

287. Meanwhile Eneas lands his friends from the lofty ships by landing-planks. Many watched for the retreat of the waves when their force was spent, and leaped into the shallow water; others landed by the oars. Tarchon, scanning the shore where the shallows are not boiling and no broken water roars, but the sea untroubled glides in with spreading flow, suddenly turns his prow to the land, and calls upon his comrades: "Now, O chosen band, now bend to your strong oars! Lift your ships, bear them along: cleave this hostile land with their beaks, and let the very keel make a furrow for itself. On such an anchorage I do not grudge to break the ship when once we have gained the land." And when Tarchon had thus spoken, his companions rose on their oars and drove the foaming ships on the Latin fields, until the beaks are on dry ground, and all the keels have settled down uninjured. But not so thy ship, Tarchon. For while dashing on the shoals, she hangs on a cruel ridge, for long in doubtful poise, and beats the waves: she breaks up and plunges her crew in the midst of the waves, whom broken oars and floating benches impede, and the waves as they flow back also sweep back their feet.

308. Nor does slothful delay keep Turnus back; but he boldly hurries his whole army against the Trojans, and opposes them on the shore. The signals for battle sound. Eneas first, an omen of the fight, charged into the rustic ranks and overthrew the Latins, slaying Thero, who, in his giant might, assailed the hero Eneas. Through brazen links, through tunie with its golden scales, he pierces his side with his sword and drains his life-blood. Then he smites Lichas, ripped from his mother's womb when she was dead, and sacred to thee, O Phoebus, because his infant form was permitted to escape the peril of the knife. And not long after he cast down to death the sturdy Cisseus and the huge Gyas, as they laid the ranks low with clubs. No whit did the arms of Hercules avail them, nor their strong hands and their sire Melampus, the comrade of Aleides as long as earth gave him arduous toils. Lo, hurling at Phoebus, as he

utters idle vaunts, he plants the lance in the clamourer's mouth. Thou, too, Cydon—unhappy whilst thou pursuest Clytius, his cheeks just growing yellow with the first down, thy newest joy—wouldst now have been lying, wretched youth, laid low by the Dardan hand, at peace from all thy youthful loves, had not a close band of brothers opposed the prince, the sons of Phorcus, seven in number, and together they hurl against him seven spears; some bound back harmless from his shield and helmet, some fond Venus turned aside, so that they but grazed him. *Æneas* thus addresses the faithful Achates: “Hand me now my weapons: not one shall my right hand hurl in vain against the Rutuli, of those which were fixed in the bodies of the Greeks on the plains of Troy.” Then he seizes a huge spear and hurls it: it flies and pierces the brazen shield of Maeon, and tears through his corselet and his breast. To his aid springs his brother, Alcanor, and supports with his right hand his falling brother: the hurled spear flies right on, piercing his arm, and keeps its course all blood-stained, and from this deadly stroke the arm hung from the shoulder by the sinews. Then Numitor, tearing the lance from the body of his brother, aims it at *Æneas*; but it was not permitted to him to strike him fairly, and he grazed the thigh of the great Achates. Now Clausus of Cures comes up, relying on his youthful frame, and from a distance strikes Dryops beneath the chin with a stiff spear, driving it with great force, and piercing his throat as he was in act to speak, robs him alike of speech and life; he strikes the ground with his forehead, and vomits thick gore from his mouth. Three Thracians, too, of the exalted race of Boreas, and three whom their father Idas and their country Ismara sent forth, he lays low in various ways. Halæsus runs to his assistance, and the Auruncan bands; and the son of Neptune comes up, Messapus, conspicuous with his horses. Now these, now those, strive to drive back their enemies; on the very threshold of Ausonia the fight is fought. As warring winds in the vast æther engage in battle with equal courage and strength, they give not way to each other, nor do the clouds, nor do the waves give way; the issue is long doubtful; all things stand firm, striving against each other. Even so the Trojan host and the host of

the Latins meet; foot to foot and man to man the thronging lines engage.

362. But in another part of the field—where a torrent had scattered the rolling stones far and wide, and the bushes torn from the banks when Pallas saw the Arcadians, unaccustomed to charge on foot, retreating before pursuing Latium—since the rugged nature of the ground led them to send away their horses—as the only resource in such straits, he fired their courage now with entreaties, now with bitter words: “Whither are ye flying, my friends? By yourselves, and your brave deeds; by the name of your king, Evander, and the wars in which we have conquered; and my hope, which now follows emulous on my father’s fame, trust not to your feet. With the sword ye must cleave your way through the enemy. Where that band of warriors presses on us most thickly, that is the path by which our noble country calls ye and your leader, Pallas, back. It is not Gods that attack us; we mortals are pressed by a mortal enemy; we have the same courage and strength that they have. Lo! the sea hems us in with a great barrier of water; we have now no land on which to flee. Shall we make for the sea or for Troy?” So he speaks, and bursts right into the midst of the thronging foes. First to oppose him comes Lagus, led on by unkindly fate: him, as he plucks up a stone of vast weight, he pierces with his lance, not hurling it, through the middle, where the spine divided his ribs; and he snatches back his spear, which is wedged among the bones. And Hisbo fails to surprise him from above, as he indeed hoped to do: for Pallas anticipates him, as he rushes on in fury, made reckless by the cruel death of his friend, and buries his sword in his swelling breast. Then he attacks Sthenelus and Anchemolus of the ancient race of Rhaetus, who dared to dishonour the bed of his stepmother. You, also, twin brethren, fell in the Rutulian fields, Larides and Thymber, sons of Daucus, so exactly alike that their parents knew them not apart, a pleasing confusion: but now cruel indeed was the distinction that Pallas made between you. For thy head, Thymber, Evander’s sword swept off; thy severed right-hand, Larides, seeks thee, its lord, and the fingers, half alive, move convulsively and grasp the sword again and again.

Mingled resentment and shame arm the Arcadians against the enemy, fired as they are by his exhortation, when they see the glorious deeds of the hero. Then Pallas pierced Rhœteus, as he flies past on his two-horsed car. This interval, so much delay, had Ilus ; for against Ilus he had hurled from a distance his stout spear, which Rhœteus intercepts in mid-flight, as he flees from thee, most valiant Teuthras, and thy brother, Tyres ; and, rolling from his chariot, spurns with his dying heel the fields of the Rutuli. And as the shepherd, when the winds in summer arise to his desire, sets fire to the woods in diverse places, and suddenly, the intervening spaces catching fire, one terrible line of flame stretches across the broad plains, while he triumphant watches, from his seat above, the ~~conquering~~ flames ; even so all the bravest of thy comrades unite together and aid thee, Pallas. But Halæsus, bold in war, advances against the foe, and covers himself with his shield. He slays Ladon, and Pheres and Demodocus ; with his flashing sword he shears off the right hand of Strymonius, as he raised it against his throat ; with a stone he smites Thoas in the face, and scattered the bone, mixed with brains and blood. His father, foretelling his doom, had concealed Halæsus in the woods. When, growing old, he closed his fading eyes in death, the Parcæ laid their hands on the youth, and devoted him to death by the weapons of Evander. And him Pallas attacks, having first thus prayed : "Grant now, Father Tiber, to the steel which now I poise to hurl, a fortunate path through the breast of brave Halæsus. These arms and the hero's spoils shall be hung on thy oak." The God heard his prayer : while Halæsus protected Imaon, hapless he exposes his breast unarmed to the Arcadian lance. But Lausus, a mainstay of the war, suffers not the host to be dismayed by the death of so great a hero : first he slays Abas, who opposed him, the knot and stay of the fight. The sons of Arcadia are laid low, the Etruscans fall, and you, O Trojans, whose bodies escaped death at the hands of the Greeks. Equal in leaders and in strength, the hosts meet in the shock of battle. The rear ranks press upon the fighting-line ; and the dense throng prevents free movement of hand or weapon. On one side Pallas eagerly urges them on, on the other Lausus, nor is

there much difference in their age. Both are fair in form, but fortune denied to them return to their native land. But yet the ruler of great Olympus did not suffer them to meet in conflict with one another. Their fates await them presently at the hands of mightier foes.

439. Meanwhile, his dear sister warns Turnus to go to the aid of Lausus, and he cuts his way through the middle of the host in his swift car. When he saw his friends: "It is time," he shouts, "to desist from the fight. I alone engage with Pallas: Pallas is due to me alone. I would that his sire were here to see!" So he spoke, and his friends left the plain at his command. But when the Rutules retired, the youth, wondering at the haughty orders, gazes in amaze at Turnus, and rolls his eyes over his huge frame, and with bold look scans him all over from afar, and with these words he replies to the words of the king: "I shall win renown either by slaying thee and stripping off thy spoils, or by a glorious death; my father is able to bear either fortune. Forbear thy threats!" Having spoken, he advances into the open plain. The chilled blood freezes in the hearts of the Arcadians. Turnus leaped from his chariot, and prepares to advance to close quarters on foot. As a lion, when from a lofty eminence he sees standing afar off on the plains a bull intent on fight, flies towards it: even such is the appearance of Turnus as he comes on. When he thought that he would be within reach of his spear, Pallas first attacked, if haply chance may aid his daring, though in strength he is no match for his foe; and thus he addresses the great heavens: "By my father's hospitality and the board which thou hast visited as our guest, I implore thee, Alcides, to assist my great attempt. May he see me strip his blood-stained arms from his dying body! May the dying eyes of Turnus endure to look on his conqueror!" Alcides heard the youth, and stifles a great groan deep in his heart, and sheds fruitless tears. Then the Father addresses the son with kindly words: "Each has his appointed day, for all the time of life is short and may not be renewed; but to prolong one's fame by noble deeds, this is the work of valour. So many sons of Gods fell under the lofty walls of Troy—nay, my own boy Sarpedon fell among them. His own fates now summon Turnus too, and he is nearing the

goal of his allotted span." So he speaks, and turns away his eyes from the fields of the Rutulians. But Pallas hurls his spear with great strength, and draws from its hollow sheath his flashing sword. The missile flies and strikes where rises the top of the armour on the shoulder, and forcing its way through the edge of the shield, at last even grazes the huge body of Turnus. Then Turnus, long poising it, hurled against Pallas his stout spear, tipped with sharp steel, and thus speaks : " See whether my spear be not more piercing." He ceased, but the spear's point with quivering stroke smites through the midst of the shield, so many sheets of iron, so many of brass, though the hide covered it with so many folds, and it pierces the barrier of his corselet and his mighty breast. In vain he plucks from the wound the reeking weapon ; by the self-same road rush out his blood and life. He fell on his wound, and his arms rang upon him, and in his death-agony he bites the hostile ground with blood-stained mouth. And Turnus, standing over him, thus speaks : " Arcadians," he says, " mindfully bear back these words of mine to Evander : I send Pallas back to him as he has deserved that I should send him. I freely give such honour as there is in a tomb, such solace as there is in burial. His hospitality to Aeneas shall cost him dear." And when he had thus spoken, with his left foot he pressed the lifeless body, as he stripped it of the ponderous belt, stamped with a scene of crime—on their marriage-night the band of youths foully slain all together and the nuptial couches stained with blood—which Clonus, the son of Eurytus, had embossed in much gold, in which spoil Turnus now indeed exults, and rejoices to have won it. O mind of mortals, blind to fate and future destiny, knowing not how to restrain itself when elated with prosperity ! A time will come to Turnus when he would give much to have Pallas back unharmed, and when he will hate those spoils and that day. But his friends crowd round Pallas, and with much wailing and many tears bear him back upon his shield. Ah, Pallas, returning to thy sire bringing grief and yet great glory ! This very day that first gave thee to the war takes thee away, though yet thou leavest vast heaps of Rutules slain !

510. And now no rumour of this great ill, but a surer

messenger, flies to Aeneas, that his men are but a little space removed from death, that it is time to aid the routed Trojans. All who encounter him he mows down with his sword, and, furious, drives with the steel a broad line through the host, seeking thee, Turnus, exulting as thou art in thy recent conquest. All things are present to his eyes: Pallas, Evander, the board which then he first approached as a stranger, and the pledges interchanged. Four youths then, sons of Sulmo, and the same number whom Ufens reared, he takes alive, to offer them as sacrifices to the shades and to sprinkle with the blood of captives the flames of the funeral-pyre. Then from afar at Magus he aimed his deadly spear. He deftly stoops from the blow; but the quivering spear flies over him, and, embracing the hero's knees, he thus prays with suppliant voice: "By the shades of thy father and by thy hope in young Iulus, I entreat thee preserve this life for my son and father. I have a noble house; within it lie buried talents of embossed silver. I have masses of gold wrought and unwrought. Not on this does the victory of the Trojans depend, nor will one life make so great a difference." He ceased, and Aeneas thus answers him: "Those many talents of silver and gold of which thou speakest spare for thy children. This barter of war which thou proposest Turnus was first to end when Pallas was slain. So feel the shades of my father Anchises, so feels Iulus." Thus speaking, he grasps his helmet with his left hand, and, bending back the neck of the suppliant, he drives his sword home to the hilt. And not far off was Hamonides, the priest of Phœbus and of Trivia, whose temples the fillet bound with sacred band, all-lustrous in attire and splendid arms. Meeting him, he drives him over the plain and fells him, and standing over him he slays him, and throws over him the mighty shade of death. Serestus gathers up the arms and carries them back on his shoulders, a trophy to thee, king of battles. Caeculus, born of the race of Vulcan, and Umbro, who came from the hills of the Marsi, repair the ranks. The Trojan prince rushes furiously against them. With his sword he had smitten off the left arm of Anxur, and the whole orb of his shield he had struck down with the steel. (He had uttered some boast, and had trusted that his force would match his words, and had exalted his

soul to heaven, and had promised himself gray hairs and a length of years.) Tarquitus, whom the nymph Dryope had borne to sylvan Faunus, springing forth against him in glittering arms, opposed himself to the infuriate chief. But he, drawing back his spear, nails to his breast his corselet and ponderous shield; then, as he prays in vain and prepares to utter many words, he dashes his head to the ground and, spurning the headless corpse still warm, speaks these words over him, for his mind was bitter against him: "Lie there now, dread warrior! Thy excellent mother shall not bury thee, or cover thy limbs with thy ancestral tomb; thou shalt be left for the wild birds, or the waters shall bear thee away plunged in its whirling eddies, and hungry fish shall lick thy wounds!" Forthwith he attacks Antæus and Luca, the foremost ranks of Turnus, and the brave Numa and the yellow-haired Camers, the son of the noble Volsceens, who was the wealthiest in the land of Ausonia's sons and ruled over Amyclæ the silent. Like as Ægeon—to whom legend gives a hundred arms, a hundred hands, and flames blazing from fifty mouths and breasts—when in response to Jove's thunderbolts he dinned with so many equal shields and drew so many swords, eyen so Æneas raged victorious over the plain when once his sword was warmed. Nay, behold, he rushes against the horses and opposing breast of Niphæus in his four-horse chariot. And the horses, when they saw him from afar advancing with long strides and horrid shouts, turning in terror and rushing back, throw out their driver, and hurry the chariot away to the shore. Meantime Lucagus drives into the midst with his brother Liger in a car with a pair of white horses; but his brother guides the horses with the reins, the bold Lucagus brandishes a drawn sword. Æneas brooked them not as they raged so fiercely; he rushed against them, and his huge spear barred their path. To whom Liger: "Not the horses of Diomede dost thou behold, not Achilles' car, or the plains of Phrygia. Now in these lands shall an end be put to the war and to thy life." Such idle words fly from the lips of Liger in his madness. But the Trojan hero does not also prepare words in reply, for he hurls his lance against the foe. As Lucagus urged on his steeds, bending forward to smite with the sword, while advancing his left

foot he is preparing for the fight, the spear passes through the lowest border of his glittering shield, then pierces his left groin: dashed from his car, he rolls dying on the ground. And the good Aeneas addresses him with bitter words: "Lucanus, 'tis not thy steeds who in coward flight have betrayed thy car, nor the empty shadows of an enemy which have caused them to flee: it is thou that desertest thy steeds when thou leapest from the car." Having thus spoken, he seized the horses; the hapless brother, slipping from the chariot which held them both, stretched out his powerless hands: "By thyself, by the parents who begot so great a son, G Trojan hero, spare this life and take pity on a suppliant!" To him Aeneas, as he uttered many prayers: "Not such the words thou didst utter but now. Die! And brother as thou art, desert not thy brother!" Then he laid open with his sword his breast, the secret abode of life. Such deaths did the Trojan leader deal, raging over the plains like a rushing torrent or a black whirlwind. At last the young Ascanius and the warriors, vainly besieged, burst forth and leave the camp.

696. Meanwhile Jupiter, unaddressed, thus speaks to Juno: "O sister mine, and eke my darling spouse, as thou didst think—nor does thy judgment err—it is Venus that sustains the Trojan fortunes, not the heroes' hand vigorous in war and daring courage that shuns no danger." To whom Juno humbly says: "Why, most noble spouse, dost thou vex me who am sick at heart, and who fear thy unkind words? Had I that power in love which once I had, and which it was seemly that I should have, thou surely wouldest not, omnipotent that thou art, deny me this, that I might withdraw Turnus, too, from the fight, and preserve him safe for his father Pileanus. As it is, let him perish, and with his pious life make atonement to the Trojans. Yet he derives his name from our stock, and Pileanus was his ancestor four generations ago; and often with liberal hand and plentiful gifts he has piled thy thresholds." And to her briefly thus replied the king of lofty Olympus: "If a delay and a respite from present death is what thou askest for this youth who is doomed to perish, and thou understandest that such is my will, remove Turnus by flight, and rescue him from instant

death. There is room for this one stretch of indulgence. But if under these prayers of thine lies hidden any further favour, and thou thinkest that the whole war may be upset or changed, thou cherishest idle hopes." And Juno, weeping: "What if that which with thy voice thou art slow to grant thou shouldst grant in thy heart, and this life I crave should be assured to Turnus? Now sad death awaits an innocent man, or I go in blind ignorance of the truth. But rather would that I may be the sport of baseless fear, and that thou who hast the power mayest bring to a more prosperous issue that which thou hast already begun." When she had uttered these words she straightway launched herself from high heaven shrouded with a cloud, driving a storm before her through the air, and made for the Ilian battle-field and the Laurentian camp. Then the Goddess equips with Trojan weapons an impalpable shade of hollow cloud without strength in the guise of Æneas—a portent wonderful to see; and she counterfeits his shield and the crest on his divine head, she gives it soulless words, she gives it voice without mind, and fashions the very gait of the hero—a form such as that in which we are told that shades flit about after death, or those dreams which delude the senses when lulled in sleep. But before the foremost ranks the phantom vaunts itself exulting, and with its weapons provokes the hero, and challenges him with words. And Turnus pursues it, and from afar hurls his spear hurtling through the air: it turns its back and retreats. Then, indeed, when Turnus believed that Æneas had turned and was giving way, and when wildly exultant he drank in idle hope: "Whither fleest thou, Æneas?" he cries. "Flee not from the nuptials to which thou art pledged: by this right hand shall the land be given to thee in quest of which thou hast come o'er the waves." Thus crying out he follows the phantom and brandishes his drawn sword, and he sees not that the winds bear away his hopes of triumph. A ship chanced to stand moored to the edge of a lofty rock, with its ladders out and gangway ready, in which King Osinius had been borne from the shores of Clusium. Hither the phantom of the flying Æneas in wild alarm hurriedly betakes itself to a hiding-place, and Turnus with no less speed pursues, and surmounts all stays, and bounds across

the high gangways. Scarce had he touched the prow when Saturn's daughter burst the rope, and, tearing the ship away, hurried it over the ebbing waves. But Eneas calls for his absent foe to meet him in the fight, and sends down to death many bodies of heroes who cross his path. Then the unsubstantial phantom no longer seeks a hiding-place, but, flying aloft, lost itself in a black cloud ; while meantime the whirling tide carries Turnus off in the midst of the sea. He looks back, not suspecting the truth, and unthankful for his safety, and with prayers raises his two hands to the stars : " Almighty Father, hast thou thought me worthy of so great a reproach, and is it thy will that I should suffer such punishment ? Whither am I borne ? Whence have I come ? What manner of flight is this ? In what repute am I ? Shall I see again the Laurentine walls or the camp ? What shall I say of that band of warriors who followed me and my arms, whom—oh ! the shame of it !—I have left all seized in the cruel grasp of death ? Even now I see their ranks broken—I hear the groans of the dying. What shall I do ? What earth can now gape deep enough for me ? Oh, rather do ye, winds, take pity on me ! Bear the ship on cliffs and rocks—it is I, Turnus, who earnestly beseech you—and hurl it on the Syrtes' cruel shoals, whither neither the Rutuli nor rum on that knows my shame may follow me." As he thus speaks, he wavers in his mind, now this way, now that, whether in his frenzy at such disgrace to throw himself upon his sword and drive the cruel steel through his side, or to cast himself into the midst of the waves and swim for the curving shore, and again present himself to the arms of the Trojans. Thrice he attempted either way of escape, and thrice great Juno restrained him and, pitying him in her heart, stayed the warrior. He glides on, cutting through the deep with favouring wind and tide, and is borne to the ancient city of his father Daunus.

689. But meanwhile, at Jove's bidding, the fierce Mezentius next enters the battle, and attacks the triumphant Trojans. The Tyrrhene ranks assemble, and on one man they press with a people's might, on one man with execrations and showers of missiles. He, like a cliff which juts out into the sea, offering an opposing front to the fury of the winds

and the sea, and endures through all the might and bluster of sky and storm itself, unmoved the while—so he lays low Hebrus, the son of Dolichaon, and with him Latagus and the flying Palmus ; but Latagus he meets in the mouth and full in the face with a rock, even the huge fragment of a mountain, before he could strike him, and, cutting his hamstrings, he leaves him rolling on the ground disabled, and he gives his arms to Lausus to wear on his shoulders, and his crest to bind on his head. And the Phrygian Euanthes, too, and Mimas the equal in age and companion of Paris, whom Theano bore to his father Amycus on the same night as that on which the queen, the daughter of Cisseus, pregnant with a firebrand, bore Paris. Paris lies in his father's city : the Laurentine shore holds Mimas, a stranger to the land. And even as the fierce boar, driven by the bite of dogs from the lofty mountains, whom the pine-clad Vesulus has sheltered for many years, or for many years the Laurentian marsh, fed on the thick-growing reeds, when he has fallen into the toils, stands at bay and rages fiercely and raises the shaggy bristles on his back, and no one has the courage to be fierce or approach nearer to him, but they ply him with javelins thrown from afar and with safe shouting ; but he fearlessly lingers, facing every way, gnashing his teeth, and shakes the spears from his back—even so among those who have such just cause for resentment against Mezentius is none who has courage to close with him with the drawn sword : from a distance they harass him with missiles and with loud shouts. Aeron had come from the ancient territories of Corythus, a Greek who, exiled, left his marriage unaccomplished. When he saw him afar off, throwing the midst of the host into confusion, bright with plumes and the purple scarf given him by his betrothed—as often a ravenous lion roving through the tall sheepfolds (for maddening hunger drives him), if perchance he sees a wild she-goat or a stag with high-rising antlers, opening wide his huge jaws rejoices, while his mane stands on end, and fastens on the flesh on which he pounces, and horrid gore besmears his cruel mouth—even so into the dense ranks of the foe rushes the brave Mezentius. The hapless Aeron is laid low, and as he breathes his last beats the black ground with his heel, and stains with his blood the

shivered weapon. And he, too, deigned not to strike down Orodes as he fled, nor hurling his spear to strike him unawares. He ran to meet him face to face, and opposed himself to him as man to man, surpassing him not by strategy, but by his valour in fight. Then, planting his foot on him, and spurning him away as he pulled out his spear with effort : "The noble Orodes lies dead, O heroes!" he calls out : "no mean sharer in the war." His comrades cry aloud, taking up the exultant paean. But he, as he breathed his last, cries : "Whoever thou art, thou shalt not long rejoice victorious without my being avenged : thee, too, a like destiny awaits, and thou wilt soon lie low on the same earth." And on him Mezentius smiled wrathfully. "Now die," quoth he, "but let the Father of the Gods and the king of men see to me." So saying, he drew the lance from his body. On his eyes presses a cruel repose, an iron slumber, and their light is quenched in eternal night. Cælius slays Alcathous; Sacrator, Hydaspes; and Rapo slays Parthenius, and Orses endowed with surpassing strength; Messapus slays Clonius and Ericetes, the son of Lycaen—the former as he lay on the ground, having fallen from his unbridled steed; the latter he slays on foot, himself on foot. And Lycian Agis had stepped forward, whom, however, Valerus, who had no small share of the valour of his ancestors, laid low; while Salius slew Thronius and Nealeos Salius—Nealeos famous for his skill with the lance and the arrow that smites unawares from afar.

755. Now grievous Mars was making equal the mourning and the deaths on both sides. Conquerors and conquered alike slew and alike were slain; nor these nor those thought of flight. In the halls of Jove the Gods pity the vain wrath of both armies, and grieve that mortals shoul endure such toils. From one place Venus, from another Juno, Saturn's daughter, surveys the fight. Pallid Tisiphone rages among the host, but Mezentius indeed, brandishing a mighty spear, rushes furiously into the field. As great Orion, when he advances on foot, cleaving his way through the great pools of mid-ocean, overtops the waves with his shoulders; or, bearing away from the summits of the hills an aged ash, walks on the earth and hides his head among the clouds : in

such wise stalks Mezentius in his vast arms. Him Æneas on the other side prepares to oppose, espying him in the long array. Undaunted, Mezentius stands his ground, awaiting his high-souled foe, and stands firm in his vast bulk, and judges with his eyes the space which may be covered by his spear : “ Now aid me, my right hand, my God, and thou, my lance, which I poise in act to hurl ! I vow that thou thyself, Lausus, clad in the spoils stripped from the plunderer's body, shalt be the trophy of Æneas.” He spoke, and from a distance hurled his whirring spear ; but as it flew it was dashed aside from the shield, and pierced afar off between the side and flank the illustrious Antenor—Antenor, the companion of Hercules, who, sent from Argos, had attached himself to Evander and settled in an Italian city. Hapless he is laid low by a stroke aimed at another, and takes his last look at the sky, and as he dies recalls to mind pleasant Argos. Then the good Æneas hurls his spear ; it passed through the hollow circle of triple brass, through the flaxen layers and the structure wrought with threefold hides, and fixed itself in the lower part of his groin ; but it failed to carry its force home. Æneas, exulting when he saw the blood of the Tuscan, swiftly draws his sword from his thigh, and rushes impetuous on his troubled foe. Lausus groaned deeply in his love for his dear father when he saw this sight, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. Here I, in sooth, will not fail to tell of the calamity of thy cruel death, and of thy splendid deeds, if any lapse of time will bring belief in such an act, nor of thee, O youth, worthy as thou art to be held in memory. The father, retreating, was quitting the field, helpless and hampered, and trailed with him, fixed in his shield, the foeman's spear. The youth dashed forward and mingled in the fray ; and now he met the point of Æneas as he raised his arm and dealt his blow, and stayed the hero by this check. With loud shouts his friends support him, till the father should retire under cover of his son's shield, and they hurl lances and from afar try to drive off the foe with missiles. Æneas is filled with rage, and covers himself with his shield. And as, when at times the storm-clouds hurl themselves down in showering hail, every ploughman and every husbandman flees from the fields, and the way-

farer conceals himself in a safe shelter, either under the banks of a stream or under the arch of some tall rock, while it rains in the land, that so, when the sun is restored to them, they may fill the day with toil — so Eneas, overwhelmed with missiles from all sides, sustains the storm of war, waiting till its thunder shall cease, and chides Lausus, and against Lausus directs his threats: “ Whither dost thou rush to death, and darest thou tasks too great for thy strength? Thy filial affection betrays thee into rashness.” Yet none the less does he exult in his madness; and now the fierce wrath of the Dardan leader rises higher and the Fates spin the last threads of Lausus’s life; for Eneas drove his strong sword right through the youth and buried it in his body to the hilt. And the point passed through the shield, too, the slender armour of the bold boy, and blood filled his breast; then his spirit fled sadly through the air to the shades and left his body. But in truth, when Anchises’ son saw the look of the dying youth and his face, his cheeks growing wondrous pale, he groaned deeply in pity for him, and stretched forth his hand, and the image of his own love for his father stole into his mind. “ What now, unhappy boy, befitting this noble deed of yours, what can the pious Eneas give that shall be worthy of such a noble heart? Keep those arms as thine own in which thou didst rejoice, and I send thee back to the shade and ashes of thy fathers if thou hast any care for this. With this, however, hapless one, thou canst solace thyself for thy wretched death: thou fallest by the hand of the great Eneas.” Himself he chides his friends’ delay, and raises from the earth the body which stained with blood the locks so carefully trimmed.

833. Meantime his father by the wave of the river Tiber was stanching his wounds with fair water and resting his body, leaning against the trunk of a tree. His brazen helmet hangs far away on the branches, and his massive arms lie peaceful on the mead. His warriors stand gathered around him; he himself, sore distressed and panting, rests his neck, his long beard streaming down his chest. He asks many questions about Lausus, and often sends messengers to summon him and bear him orders from his anxious sire.

But his friends, weeping, were bearing on his shield the lifeless body of Lausus, vast in stature and smitten with a vast wound. His mind, presaging evil, recognised the wailing afar off. He disfigures his gray hairs with much dust, and stretches both his hands to heaven and clings to the body : “ O my son, had life such charms for me that I should suffer him whom I begot to meet in my stead the hostile hand ? Am I, thy father, preserved by thy wounds, living by thy death ? Alas ! now at length to me, wretch that I am, is exile unhappy ! now has the wound been driven home ! I, my son, have blackened thy name likewise with my guilt, having been driven for the hate my people bore me from my throne and the empire of my ancestors. I owed a penalty to my country and to the hatred of my people ; I myself should have yielded up to death in any shape my guilty life ! Now I live, and so far leave not men and the light ! But I will leave them.” While he thus speaks he raises himself on his wounded thigh, and though his strength is crippled by the deep wound, in no wise downcast, he bids his horse be brought. This was his glory, this was his joy ; mounted on this he came victorious out of every fight. He addresses his mournful steed, and in such words accosts it : “ Rhœbus, if anything lasts long for mortals, we have lived long. Either to-day thou shalt bear off victorious those blood-stained spoils and the head of Æneas, and shalt be with me the avenger of Lausus’s wrongs ; or if no might opens a way for us, thou shalt perish with me ; for thou, my gallant steed, I trow, wouldst not deign to obey an alien’s bidding or a Trojan master.” So he spoke, and, mounting his steed, took his familiar seat, and filled both his hands with keen lances, his head glittering with brass and bristling with horse-hair plume. So fiercely he rushed into the midst of the enemy. In his one heart surges great shame and madness mixed with grief [and love, aroused by the Furies and conscious valour]. And thrice with mighty voice he calls Æneas. Æneas, indeed, knows his voice, and prays exulting : “ So may the great Father of the Gods grant it, so the most noble Apollo ! Mayst thou begin the fight !” So much he spoke, and advances to meet him with levelled spear. But he cries : “ What terrors hast thou for me, most cruel foe, now that

my son is slain? This was the only way in which thou couldst destroy me. Neither do we fear death nor do we spare any of thy Gods. Cease; for I come against thee meaning to die, and first I bear thee these gifts." So he spake, and he hurled his lance against the foe; then he plants another after it, and yet another, as he flies around in a wide circle; but the golden shield withstands them. Thrice he rode around him as he stood, wheeling from right to left, hurling his lances from his hand; thrice the Trojan hero as he turns himself, bears round this forest of darts on his brazen shield. Then, when he wearies of such long delay, of plucking out so many darts, and is hard pressed, engaged in an unequal fight, revolving many thoughts in his mind, now at length he bursts forth and hurls his spear through the hollow temples of the war-horse. The steed rears himself upright and paws the air, and, throwing his rider, falls over him himself and holds him down, and having put out his shoulder, lies over him with outstretched head. With ardent shouts Trojans and Latins fill the sky. Eneas rushes up to him, and draws his sword from its sheath, and thus speaks over him: "Where is now the bold Mezentius and his fierce daring?" To him the Tuscan, as looking up to the air he drank in the breath of heaven and recovered consciousness: "Cruel foe, why dost thou chide me and threaten death? No wrong is there in slaying me. Not on these terms did I come to battle, nor did my Lausus conclude with thee such covenant for me. This one boon I crave, by whatever grace there may be for vanquished foemen—suffer my body to be buried in the ground. I know that the bitter hatred of my people besets me; guard me, I beseech thee, from this wrath of theirs, and consign me to a tomb, where I may have my son with me." Thus he speaks, and willingly receives the sword in his throat, and poured forth his life over his armour in waves of blood.



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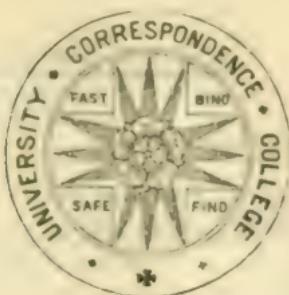
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*Appointments may be made with the Principal or Secretary for Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, or for any day during the Examination week between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. or 3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.*

**WARNING.**

*Before joining any Correspondence Class, students are strongly urged to see previous University Examination Lists, to read through our Article on Spurious Correspondence Tuition, and to enquire who their tutors would be in each subject.*

▲ new Prospectus is issued before and after each Exam.

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▲ Catalogue of books in the Tutorial Series, including over 100 works by the Tutors of University Correspondence College, for London University Examinations, will be sent on application to Messrs. W. B. Clive & Co., Booksellers Row, Strand, W.C.

# University Correspondence College.

## SPECIAL SUBJECTS, 1890-91.

### Matriculation.

**Jan. 1890.** — **LATIN.** *Ovid*, Metamorphoses, Book XI. (omitting 221-265 and 303-317); *Tristia*, Book III.

**GREEK.** *Euripides*, *Hecuba*.

**June, 1890.** — **LATIN.** *Cicero*, *De Amicitia*; *Pro Balbo*.  
**GREEK.** *Xenophon*, *Hellenics*, Book II.

**Jan. 1891.** — **LATIN.** *Horace*, *Odes*, Books I. and II.  
**GREEK.** *Aeschylus*, *Persae*.

**June, 1891.** — **LATIN.** *Livy*, Book I.  
**GREEK.** *Xenophon*, *Anabasis*, Book III.

### Inter. Arts, 1890.

**LATIN.** *Virgil*, *Georgics*, I., II.; *Livy*, Book XXI.

**GREEK.** *Sophocles*, *Antigone*.

**ENGLISH (PASS).** History of England and of English Literature from 1660 to 1714; *Milton*: *Paradise Lost*; *Chaucer*: Prologue, *Knight's Tale*, and *Second Nun's Tale* (Clarendon Press); *Dryden*: *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*; *Addison*: *Essays on Milton*, in the *Spectator*.

### Inter. Arts, 1891.

**LATIN.** *Virgil*, *Aeneid*, Books IX. and X.; *Tacitus*, *Annals*, Book I.

**GREEK.** *Herodotus*, Book VI.

**ENGLISH (PASS).** History of England and English Literature from 1485 to 1547; *Chaucer*: The Tale of the Man of Law, and The Pardoners Prologue and Tale (Ed. Skeat, Clarendon Press); *Skeat*: *Specimens of English Literature*, 1394 to 1579, xi.—xx. (Clarendon Press); *Shakespeare*: *Henry VIII*.

### B.A., 1890.

**LATIN.** *Cicero*, *De Oratore*, Book II.; *Virgil*, *Aeneid*, Books VII. to X., inclusive; *Roman History*, A.D. 14-96.

**GREEK.** *Aristophanes*, *Plutus* (Holden's or some other expurgated text); *Thucydides*, Book IV.; *Grecian History*, B.C. 405-358.

**ENGLISH (PASS).** History of English Literature from 1625 to 1660; *Shakespeare*: *Hamlet*; *Spenser*: *The Faery Queene*; *Dan Michel*: *Agenbite of Inwit* (Early English Text Society); *Thorpe*: *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Vol. I., from 800 to 1001 A.D. pages 104 to 251): Two Texts only to be prepared, viz., C.C.C.C. 173, and Bodl. Laud. 636; *Sweet*: *Anglo-Saxon Primer*.

### B.A., 1891.

**LATIN.** *Cicero*, *De Finibus*, Book I.; *Terence*, *Adelphi*; *Roman History*, B.C. 31 to A.D. 37.

**GREEK.** *Euripides*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*; *Plato*, *Phaedo*; *History of Sicily*, B.C. 491 to 289.

**ENGLISH (PASS).** History of English Literature from 1714 to 1744; *Sweet*: *Anglo-Saxon Primer*; *Sweet*: *Homilies of Ælfric*, pp. 1-50 (Clarendon Press); *The Sowdone of Babylone* (Ed. Hansknecht, Early English Text Society); *Addison*: *The Spectator*, No. 556 to the end; *Pope*: *Satires and Epistles*.

# CALENDAR FOR 1889-90.

## Examination.

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Matric.	Jan., '90	Ordinary Course, July 6, 1889 Special, Honours, and Extra Session Courses, Aug. 31, Sep. 28, 1889	Jan., 13	Feb. 19.
	June, '90	Ordinary Course, July 6, Aug. 31, Sep. 28, Oct. 26, Nov. 30, 1889	June 9	July 16.
		Special, Honours, & Extra Session Courses, Jan. 1, Feb. 1, Mar. 1, 1890		
	Jan., '91	Ordinary Course, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, Mar. 1, Apr. 5, May 3, June 7, July 5, 1890	Jan. 12	Feb. 18.
		Special, Honours, & Extra Session Courses, Aug. 30, Sep. 27, Oct. 25, 1890		
Inter.	July, '90	Ordinary Course, June 15, Sep. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2, Dec. 7, 1889 Special and Extra Session Courses, Feb. 8, Mar. 8, 1890	July 21 (Pass & Hon.)	Aug. 13.
	July, '91	Two Years' Course, Sep. 28, 1889, Jan. 25, Apr. 26, 1890	July 20	Aug. 12.
B.A.	Oct., '90	Ordinary Course, Sep. 14, Oct. 12, Nov. 9, Dec. 11, 1889 Special Course, Feb. 15, Mar. 15, Apr. 12, 1890	Oct. 27 (Pass.) Nov. 18 (Hon.)	Nov. 15 (Pass.)
	Oct., '91	Two Years' Course, Sep. 28, 1889, Jan. 25, Apr. 26, 1890	Oct. 26, 1891	
	June, '90	At any time by arrangement	June 2-23	
M.A.	July, '90	Same dates as Inter. Arts		
Prel. Sci.	Prel. Sci.	At any time by arrangement		
Inter. Sc.	Jan.	Same dates as P.A.		
B. Sc.				Oct. 20, 1890
Inter. Law				Jan. 6, 1890
LL.B.				Jan. 18

For Instructions as to entry for Examination, see p. 25.

## THE WORK, THE MILE, AND THE ACADEMY.

Summer, 1889 : July 27	Aug. 24, 1889.	Easter, 1890 : Mar. 29	— April 19, 1890.
Christmas, 1889 : Dec. 14,	1889 — Jan. 4, 1890.	Summer, 1890 : July 26	— Aug. 23, 1890.

# University Correspondence College.

## TUTORS.

A. J. WYATT, Esq., M.A. Lond., First of his year in Branch IV. (English and French), Teachers' Diploma, Early English Text Society's Prizeman. Author of *Notes on the Shepherd's Calender*, *Notes on Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, *Notes on Addison's Essays on Milton*, a Translation of *Havelok the Dane*, *Agenhite of Inwit*, &c.

B. J. HAYES, Esq., M.A. Lond., First in First Class Honours in Classics both at Inter. and B.A., Gold Medallist in Classics at M.A.; Editor of *Homer's Iliad VI.*; Author of *Matric. Latin*, a Translation of *Xenophon's Oeconomicus*, &c.

G. H. BRYAN, Esq., B.A., Fifth Wrangler, First Class, First Division in Part II., Smith's Prizeman, formerly Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Fellow of the Camb. Phil. Soc.; Author of *B.A. Mathematics, Coordinate Geometry*.

Mons. L. J. LHUISSIER, B.A. Lond., First in Honours both at Inter. and Final; B.-ès-Sc. and B.-ès-L. Paris; also of Stuttgart and Strasburg Universities.

J. WELTON, Esq., M.A. Lond., First of his year in Mental and Moral Science, bracketed equal as First of the B.A.'s at Degree Exam., Honours in French at B.A. and 4th of 27 in English Honours at Inter.

R. W. STEWART, Esq., B.Sc. Lond., First in First Class Honours in Chemistry at Intermediate Science, and First in First Class Honours in Physics at B.Sc.; Author of *A Text-Book of Heat and Light*.

H. M. FERNANDO, Esq., M.B., B.Sc. Lond., Second in First Class Honours Zoology, and Third in Honours Botany at Inter. Sc. and Prel. Sci., First Class Honours (deserving of Scholarship) in Physiology at B.Sc.; Gold Medal in Physiology, and First Class Honours in Chemistry at Int. M.B.; Two Gold Medals and First Class Honours at M.B.

W. F. MASOM, Esq., B.A. Lond., First Class Honours (Classics) at B.A., French and English Honours at Inter. Arts, Second in Honours at Matric., University Exhibitioner; Editor of *Homer's Odyssey*, *XVII.*, and *Milton's Sonnets*; Author of a Translation of *The Epistles of Horace*; *Synopses of Roman and Grecian History*.

H. J. MAIDMENT, Esq., B.A. Oxon. and Lond., First Class Honours.

W. H. THOMAS, Esq., B.Sc. Lond., First in First Class Honours in Chemistry.

J. H. DURR, Esq., B.Sc. Lond., Double Honours, Mathematics and Physics.

W. H. LOW, Esq., M.A. Lond. (German and English); Editor of *Hamlet*, Author of *A History of English Literature*, *A Translation of the Saxon Chronicle*, &c.

All the above Tutors are on the regular staff of University Correspondence College, and engage in no other tutorial work.

# University Correspondence College.

## TUTORS *continued.*

The whole staff consists of 40 Tutors, who among them hold 25 first places at London University examinations.

**F. RYLAND**, Esq., M.A., Second in First Class Honours (Mental and Moral Science, &c.); Examiner for the Moral Sciences Tripos, Cambridge; Author of a *Manual of Psychology and Ethics for Lond. B.A. and B.Sc.*, &c.

**ROBERT BRYANT**, Esq., D.Sc. Lond., B.A. Lond., Assistant Examiner in Mathematics at London University.

**G. F. H. SYKES**, Esq., B.A. Lond., Classical Honours, Assistant Examiner in Classics at Lond. Univ.; Author of a Translation of *Thucydides IV.*

**E. M. JONES**, Esq., B.A., Mathematical Honours.

**F. P. SHIPHAM**, Esq., M.A. Lond. (in Classics), Honours in Classics at Inter. and B.A., Author of a Translation of *Virgil's Georgics*.

**HEINRICH BAUMANN**, Esq., M.A. Lond., First in First Class Honours at Inter. and Final B.A. both in French and German: Author of *Londinium—Slang and Cant*.

**W. H. EVANS**, Esq., B.Sc., M.D. Lond., First Class Honours at M.B.

**SAMUEL RIDEAL**, Esq., D.Sc. (Chemistry), Gold Medallist; Assistant Examiner to the Science and Art Department.

**J. W. EVANS**, Esq., B.Sc., LL.B. Lond., First in First Class Hons.

**A. A. IRWIN NESRITI**, Esq., M.A., Classical Honours, late Professor M. A. O. Collge, Aligarh, India: Author of A Translation of *Virgil's Aeneid*.

**C. H. DRAPER**, Esq., D.Sc., B.A., Teachers' Diploma.

**S. MOSES**, Esq., M.A. Oxon., B.A. Lond., First Class Honours London and Oxford (Double), Exhibitioner in Latin at Inter. Arts, First in Honours at Matriculation; Editor of *Cicero De Amicitia* and *Pr. Balbo*.

**C. G. LAMB**, Esq., B.Sc., Honours in Physics both at Inter. and Final; Neil Arnott Medallist; Exhibitioner at Matriculation.

**A. H. WALKER**, Esq., D.Mus. (Lond., one of two only), 10th in Honours at Matriculation, and Honours in Classical Tripos, Cambridge.

**A. H. ALLCROFT**, Esq., B.A. Oxon., First Class Classical Honours at Moderations and Final Classical Exam.; Editor of *Livy XXI.*, *Sophocles' Antigone*, &c.

**G. W. HILL**, Esq., B.Sc. (Hons.), M.B. (Hons.).

**H. E. JUST**, Esq., B.A. Lond., Double Honours in French and German (1st Class), First in First Class Honours at Inter.

# University Correspondence College.

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## THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

All the required *text-books* may be borrowed from the College Library, and retained till after the Examination, at a charge equal to one-fourth of the price of the book. Books (except editions of Prescribed Authors) are added to the Library as required.

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### **Books in the Tutorial Series**

Are lent **free of charge** in subjects which the student prepares with the College, or he may obtain permanent possession of them by paying to the Librarian half the published price. This does not apply to the Directory with Solutions published after each Examination, or to editions of the prescribed Authors, or to Translations.

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### **The College Booksellers are**

Messrs. W. B. CLIVE & Co., Booksellers Row, Strand, W.C., who also supply the Regulation Exercise Books, which are made of a good tough paper, and light enough to go through the post for  $\frac{1}{2}d$ .

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### **POSTAGES.**

Postages are paid on all communications to the student, so that the only expense he incurs is in sending, at book post rate, his answers to the tutors, and in returning papers to the Forwarding Office.

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### **F E E S.**

Fees are payable in advance, but arrangements can be made to suit a student's convenience if necessary. The charges are strictly inclusive.

**Postponement of Exam.**—No fees can in any case be returned; but, where a student finds it impossible to go up for the examination he intended, the full fee will be allowed to stand to his credit for preparation for a later date; the only additional payment, beyond a small registration fee, being a reduced charge for papers previously answered on the Special Authors and Periods, due after work is resumed.

Students falling into arrears with work can be transferred from the Section of the Classes with which they commenced to one which started later for the same Examination for a Registration fee of 2s. 6d.

# University Correspondence College.

SPECIALLY PREPARED COURSES OF LESSONS

ARE GIVEN FOR THE

EXAMINATIONS OF THE

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

In Arts, Science, Medicine, Laws, and Music: they embrace all that is requisite for success, yet entirely relieve students from superfluous work, the specificities of the Examination being always kept in view. Those Correspondence Classes furnish an amount of aid to each pupil for which the fees charged would be totally inadequate, but for the large number requiring the same preparation. They, however, ensure him all the benefits of *individual* tuition, the *individual* interests of each pupil being studied, and general arrangements modified to suit particular cases wherever practicable. On account of the large number of our students we ~~can~~ afford to give such very full solutions (with hints) as will cover all general difficulties, and so the tutor can devote his whole time economically to correcting the individual weaknesses of a candidate. Correspondence students have one great advantage over oral students; in their case all explanations, solutions, and remarks are committed to writing, and can be studied at length for present purposes, and retained for future reference.

The instruction is *not* given simply by *Papers of Questions* (although the papers of the last fifteen Examinations in each subject have been carefully analysed, the questions classified, and, where the present requirements are the same, given to the student to answer), but as set out in the General Method of Work below. Not only is the pupil led to acquire the requisite information, but he is practised in the best way of showing it to advantage in Examination.

### General Method of Work.

Each week the pupil receives a Scheme of Study, which consists of Selections from Text-books, Distinction of Important Points upon which stress is laid in his Examination, Hints, Notes on difficult and salient portions, &c., and Illustrative Examples with selected Text-book Exercises in Mathematical Subjects. After the first week, along with these, a Test Paper (compiled from previous Examination Papers) is given on the work of the preceding week, the answers to which should be posted to the Tutor by a day arranged. These are then examined and returned with corrections, hints, and model answers in each subject, and solutions of all difficulties.

### Special Advantages.

**Weekly** communications. Long Courses. Fees as low as compatible with efficiency. Double the number of lessons usually given, without increased fee. Full Notes to *each* lesson. Model Answers to *each* Test Paper, for revision just before the Exam. Tutors who are specialists devoting the whole of their time to the work of Univ. Corr. Coll.

# University Correspondence College.

## MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

*At the June Exam., 1889, 78 U.C.C. students passed.*

### Preliminary Courses.

Students are not admitted to the Systematic Courses (Ordinary and Special) unless they possess, at least—

In Languages—a knowledge of Accidence, up to and including the Regular Verb; in Mathematics—Euclid, Books I. and II.; Algebra, First Four Rules; Arithmetic, a fair all-round knowledge; in English—a good grounding.

A student must be well up in this minimum Course, unless at some time or other he has worked beyond it: four or five hours study a day is then generally necessary to prepare successfully for Matriculation within a year.

These Preliminary Courses may be commenced at any time, as students are worked quite individually in them, and can be taken as quickly or slowly as desired. As the Ordinary Course is designed to extend over not more than a year, students who are weak in a subject should go through a Preliminary Course.

Fee, per Course of twelve Lessons, in any subject... One Guinea.

A student who is very weak all round, may take eighteen lessons in each of four subjects, introductory to the Ordinary Course, for a fee of Four Guineas. In Mechanics and Experimental Science, Preliminary Courses are not considered necessary, though very desirable (especially in the former), the only essential preparation for Mechanics being a good acquaintance with Matriculation Mathematics.

### The Ordinary Course.

A student who is well qualified in most parts to begin the Ordinary Course, but wishes to revise or prepare some part privately before commencing systematic work, may send in his Form of Entry in advance, and be advised what to do in the interim without additional fee.

Any single Subject	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1	11	6
For each additional Subject	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	0
Composition Fee for all Subjects	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	6	0

An Ordinary Course consists of eighteen lessons (or sets of lessons) in each subject, in addition to Author Papers. If all subjects are being taken, it is generally best to study half one week and the remainder the next, distributing the work over about a year, reckoning vacations.

As the number of Matriculation students is now so large, a class is started on the first Saturdays of every month from January to July (inclusive), and the last in August, September, October, and November. Students joining just before Vacations may work up back lessons and so fall into an earlier section of their class. Intending students should, if possible, join a fortnight before the date of commencement.

# University Correspondence College.

## MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

*At the June Examination, 1888, 26 students passed, and in Jan., 1889, 33 passed.*

### Special, Honours, and Extension Courses.

For the benefit of those who have failed in one Examination, and wish to proceed to the next, or for those who can devote all their time to study, there is a

#### Special Course,

for each January Examination, beginning the last week in August, and for each June Examination the first week in January or February.

Students joining late receive the full number of papers distributed uniformly over the time to their examination.

No one should join this course, however, who has any subject to learn from the beginning—except, perhaps, Mechanics, or Experimental Science, in which case his other work should be good all round, and Mathematics especially strong.

		£	s.	d.
One Subject	...	1	11	6
For each additional Subject	...	1	1	0
Composition Fee (for all Subjects)	...	5	15	6

### The Honours Course.

For students who have been through the whole of the work and have either failed to pass the Examination in one or two subjects only, or who have deferred going up in order to make sure of a good place at the next Examination, an Honours Course is provided.

Fee for the whole Course in all Subjects ... £3 13 6

In this, single subjects cannot be taken, but part may be worked in the Extension Course (see below).

This Course may be commenced not earlier than the last week in August for the January Examination and the first week in February for the June Examination.

There are nine double lessons, each followed by a test paper, in addition to Author Papers. The Honours Course is intended for those who are on the whole decidedly strong.

### The Extension Course

is intended for students who are not prepared to take the Honours Course, but who, after having worked over the ground required, feel that they cannot enter for examination with a fair prospect of success.

Fee, date of starting, and arrangement of Course the same as for the Honours Course; notes and hints preceding each test paper.

For Matriculation Self-preparation Courses, see page 19.

# University Correspondence College.

## INTERMEDIATE ARTS EXAMINATION.

(At Inter. Arts, 1889, 71 students passed.)

### Ordinary Course.

Before beginning the Ordinary Course for Intermediate Arts in any subject, the student is assumed to possess a knowledge of it up to Matriculation standard. As Greek and French are alternative at Matriculation, courses have been arranged for students in the subject not taken up at Matriculation, assuming only the knowledge required on admittance to the ordinary Matriculation Course (see p. 10 of Prospectus, under Preliminary Courses). A new class is formed on the first Saturdays of September, October, November, and December. Those joining early have the special advantage of frequent short revisions.

### FEES.

(Strictly inclusive, and payable as arranged on joining.)

	£	s.	d.
Mathematics* or Latin ... ... ... ...	2	12	6
Greek, French, or English ... ... ... ...	2	2	0
Greek, Longer Course, not assuming Matric. Standard ...	3	3	0
Composition fee at a reduction for three or more subjects.			
All Subjects for Intermediate Arts Pass ... ...	9	9	0
With Longer Greek Course... ... ... ...	9	19	6

A single Pass Course consists of not less than thirty Lessons. The advantage of this over shorter courses is obvious. The pupil sustains an interest in his work more readily, and gains confidence from the knowledge that the proper amount of attention is being given to each part, and that all will be gone over and recapitulated in good time for the Examination.

### Two Years' Course for Inter. Arts.

Although we do not recommend the average student to take two years in preparation for Inter. Arts, still there are some students whose time is so very limited that it is impossible to prepare in one year. We have, therefore, made arrangements for students to distribute their work over more than a year. We prefer them to begin the last week in either September, January, or April, on which latter date we strongly recommend those who have recently matriculated to commence work. The fee for students joining in the Michaelmas Term is increased by one guinea, and for those beginning in the Lent Term by half-a-guinea, to compensate for the extra postage and the longer time the papers are in use. In order to encourage January Matriculants to avoid rusting, and to work up during the term the language not taken at Matriculation, no extra fee is made for students commencing after Easter.

\* No effort has been spared to make the Mathematics Course a success; it is carefully graduated, and smooths the difficulties of the subject; a type of every Examination question is solved, and in Conies an Illustrative Example is introduced after nearly every paragraph in the text-book. The Full Course consists of thirty Lessons in Trigonometry, thirty in Algebra, thirty in Geometry, twenty in Conics, ten in Arithmetic, and each Lesson is followed by a set of questions.

# University Correspondence College.

## INTERMEDIATE ARTS EXAMINATION.

### Special Courses.

For the sake of students who are unable to join early, as well as for Matriculation Honourmen, Special Courses, will consist of the same lessons as the Ordinary Courses without Revision Lessons, may be commenced at any time after Christmas.	£	s.	d.
Mathematics or Latin	2	2	0
Greek, English,* or French	1	11	6
Composition fee at a reduction for three or more subjects.			
All Subjects	7	7	0

### Short Courses.

Consisting of about twelve Lessons, and completely covering the ground required in - (1) Analytical Geometry, (2) Latin Grammar, (3) Roman History, (4) Latin Authors, (5) Greek Grammar, (6) Greek Author, (7) French, (8) Early English\*, (9) Latin Prose, are worked from the first Saturday in April or, by special arrangement, any time before the Exam., at a fee of one guinea each, three subjects £2. 12s. 6d. These Short Courses are intended (1) for those who do not wish to have complete preparation in all the branches of a subject, (2) for those who cannot join till late, (3) to serve as a Recapitulation. With the exception of Latin Prose, they are included in the Special and Ordinary Courses. Students wishing to join for them before the time stated, may in some cases do so.

### Special Arrangements for Greek and French.

As both these subjects are required at Inter., and only one at Matric., alternative Intermediate Courses have been arranged, one of which assumes only a knowledge up to the regular verb. Students who have not this elementary knowledge in the second language may either take a Preliminary Course in it separately, at a fee of one guinea, or together with the longer Inter. Course, for £3. 13s. 6d., or if he is desirous of acquiring this preliminary knowledge without systematic tuition, on receipt of his Form of Entry in advance for the Ordinary Intermediate Course, advice as to the best books and course of private study will be given at the outset, and occasional aid rendered, without a special fee.

January Matriculants are strongly advised to work up as soon as possible the language not taken at Matric., to the standard which they must attain before joining the Inter. Arts Classes; and to commence systematic work for the next Examination by Easter if possible. Thus, by paying due attention to all subjects, they will be making steady and satisfactory progress.

Students who pass in June may, by concentrating their energies on the second language, get through the preliminary work required in time to join the September section of the Inter. Arts Class. Arrangements are made for Students to work the Preliminary Courses without interruption during the summer vacation.

### Self-Preparation Courses.

The Ordinary, Special, and Short Courses for Inter. Arts may be taken by *Self-Preparation*: for particulars, *see page 19.*

### Honours Courses. (See page 14.)

When Early English extracts are set, a full translation is provided.

# University Correspondence College.

## INTERMEDIATE ARTS EXAMINATION.

### Extension Course.

For students who have been through the whole of the work and have either failed to pass the Examination in one or two subjects only, or have deferred going up in order to make sure of a First Division or of Honours in some subject at the next Examination, an Extension Course has been prepared in the Pass Subjects.

Fee for the whole Course in all subjects ... ... ... £6. 6s.

Students who have previously taken up Courses in three or more Intermediate Arts subjects will be admitted to this Course at the reduced fee of ... ... ... ... ... £5. 5s.

The Extension Course cannot be worked by Self-Preparation, nor can single subjects be taken. There are fifteen double lessons, each followed by a test paper; in Latin and Greek there are also Author papers. The whole ground of the Examination is thus covered.

The Course may be commenced any time after January.

### Inter. Arts Honours.

(In July, 1889, eleven students took Honours, two with first places, and one with a second place.)

In Mathematics a student cannot profitably enter upon the Honours Course without a previous knowledge equal to that required for the B.A. Pass Pure Examination. In Latin and French a knowledge up to the Inter. Arts Pass standard at least is necessary.

In **Mathematics** and **Latin** the Honours Courses consist of thirty Lessons, to each of which, as the requirements are so wide, there are several parts; to render the step to B.A. Honours as gentle as possible, these Courses have been made very full, and the greatest care bestowed upon them.

Fee for each Course ... ... £6. 6s.

Students are allowed to take two years over the Honours Courses in Mathematics and Latin without extra fee.

In **French** either fifteen or thirty Lessons may be taken.

Fee for the shorter Course (Thirty Papers) ... £3 3 0

For the longer Course (Forty-five Papers) ... 4 14 6

In **English** there are 30 Lessons covering all required for Honours, including the Pass subjects, fee £3. 3s.

Fifteen Lessons may be taken on the Honours subjects not required for Pass, at a fee of £2. 2s.

A copy of the English Honours List for 1889 will be sent on application.

# University Correspondence College.

## PRIZES FOR HONOURS.

### AT EACH MATRICULATION EXAMINATION

Two Open Prizes of Two Guineas each—one in money, the other in books—are awarded, on the conditions specified on the 2<sup>nd</sup> page of the Prospectus, to the Private Students who take the two highest places at the Examination.

Also to that student of Univ. Corr. Coll. who takes the best position in the Honours Division

### A STUDENTSHIP OF TEN AND A HALF GUINEAS

will be awarded; and Book Prizes of Two Guineas each presented to all who take Honours, and a Mission to the Full Intermediate Course allowed at a reduced fee.

If the winner heads the Matriculation List, an additional Money Prize of

### TWENTY GUINEAS

will be given, or **Ten Guineas** if in the first three, or **Five Guineas** if in the first six places.

### AT INTER. ARTS AND B.A.

#### A PRIZE OF £10

is awarded to the Pupil who stands highest in Honours

in each Subject

if he obtains a First Class; or £5 if he obtains a Second.

*All who stand well in Honours at Matriculation, and have a taste for English, and time to devote to it, should take Honours in this subject at Inter.; the Honours standard is not so far removed from that of the Pass as in other subjects. There is little competition, as in other subjects, with students of the older universities, and the possession of Honours in English is of great value to a scholimaster. To encourage candidates, the fee has been fixed very low for this subject. Students may enter for Honours Courses at any time.*

# University Correspondence College.

## BACHELOR OF ARTS EXAMINATION.

(In 1888 Thirty-three Univ. Corr. Coll. Students passed.)

The General Method of Work is pursued for this Examination, Special Papers for the prescribed Authors and Special Periods being provided. The Test Papers are compiled exclusively from questions set at previous Examinations, except when the present regulations have not been sufficiently long in force to admit of this, or when solutions are easily obtainable (e.g., from our "B.A. Mathematics"). In such cases questions of the same type have been introduced.

**Ordinary Course.**—An Ordinary Course in any subject embraces Thirty Lessons. In Latin and Greek each of these consists of three parts: the first part covering the Grammar and General History; the second and third dealing alternately with either (A) Unseen Translation (now one of the most difficult and important subjects at B.A.) and (C) Composition (in Latin only), or (B) Special Period of History and (D) Prescribed Authors. There is a great advantage in detailed courses like these, with full Notes and Hints to every lesson, over a series of Test Papers whose main purpose is to correct a student's errors rather than show him in advance how to avoid them:—by help of the easy graduation a greater interest is sustained in the work, the specialities of the Examination are brought out in stronger relief, time is economised, and confidence gained from the knowledge that the proper amount of attention is being given to each part, and progress more surely counted.

	£ s. d.
• FEES.—Full Preparation for the Examination	12 12 0
Any single Subject	3 13 6
Additional for second and third Subjects, each	3 3 0

The best time to commence the Ordinary Course is at the beginning of the September in the year in which Inter. Arts has been passed; but, as this is inconvenient for many students, there are classes commencing in the second weeks of October, November, and December; arrangements can also be made to suit each applicant.

The lessons are distributed over the whole session from the time of joining, short recesses being provided for revision. Students joining late are worked through the vacations if they desire it.

**Special Course.**—In this Course, the Lessons and Author Papers are the same as in the Ordinary Course, but the Revision Papers are omitted, the number being thus reduced to twenty-four. It is, therefore, specially convenient for those who have previously failed at the Examination, or who are unable to begin early in the session; the former should, if possible, commence within a week of the publication of the Pass List. Classes also begin in the third week of February, March, and April; but arrangements can be made for individual cases as in the Ordinary Course.

	£ s. d.
FEES.—Full Preparation for the Examination	10 10 0
Any single Subject	3 3 0
Additional for second and third Subjects, each	2 12 6

For **Self-Preparation Courses**, see page 19.

# University Correspondence College.

## BACHELOR OF ARTS EXAMINATION.

(In 1888, excluding U.C.C. students, less than 40 per cent. of those who entered, passed.)

The **Two Years' Course** is designed for those students whose time is so limited that it is impossible for them to prepare in one year, but we would here warn candidates for the degree that to rust between Inter. Arts and B.A. is most dangerous; eighteen months' study preceded by a rest of six months is no better than a year's continuous work. The following plan of study is recommended to the ordinary student who cannot give an average of four hours a day for fifty weeks:—

**FIRST YEAR.**—College Work in Classics 1st Part of each Lesson) and Mathematics, or Mental and Moral Science, omitting the revision lessons. Private reading of some of the English; or study of French, not omitting frequent translation.

**SECOND YEAR.**—College work in English or French; the 2nd and 3rd Parts of each Lesson in Classics: Revision lessons in Classics and Mathematics, or Mental and Moral Science; private recapitulation of first year's work before taking the College Revision Lessons.

Fee for the Two Years' Course ... ... ... £12 12 0

Courses in single subjects, or by Self-Preparation, cannot be extended without additional fee.

**Short Courses in Special Subjects**, consisting of from twelve to fifteen lessons, and completely covering the ground required, are provided in—

£ s. d.

(i.) Latin Grammar and Composition ... ... 1 11 6  
(ii.) Extended Course in Latin Prose... ... 1 11 6

[Unseens may be taken along with (i.) or  
(ii.) for an additional fee of 10s. 6d.]

(iii.) Roman History, including Special Period, and  
Geography ... ... ... 1 11 6

(iv.) Latin Authors and Special Period of History ... 1 11 6

[The Authors may be taken along with (i.),  
(ii.), or (iii.) for an additional fee of 10s. 6d.]

(v.) Greek Grammar and Unseens ... ... 1 11 6  
(vi.) Extended Course in Greek Unseens ... 1 11 6

[Course (v.) may be taken to include (vi.) by  
payment of an additional fee of 10s. 6d.]

(vii.) Greek History, including Special Period, and  
Geography ... ... ... 1 11 6

(viii.) Greek Authors and Special Period of History ... 1 11 6

[Greek Authors may be taken along with  
(vii.) for an additional fee of 10s. 6d.]

(ix.) Logic or (x.) Psychology and Ethics ... ... 1 11 6

(xi.) French ... ... ... 2 2 0

(xii.) Mathematical Short Courses ... ... each 1 11 6

A favourable composition fee is charged when several short Courses are taken, especially if in kindred subjects. With slight exception, these Short Courses may be taken up any time after Christmas.

# University Correspondence College.

## BACHELOR OF ARTS EXAMINATION.

### Extension Course.

For students who have been through the whole of the work and have either failed to pass the Examination in one or two subjects only, or who have deferred going up in order to make sure of a First Division or of Honours in some subject at the next Examination, an Extension Course in the Pass Subjects has been prepared.

Fee for the whole course in all subjects ...	... ...	£8	8	0
Students who have previously taken up courses in two or more B.A. subjects will be admitted to this course at the reduced fee of ...	... ...	7	7	0

The Extension Course cannot be worked by self-preparation, nor can single subjects be taken.

There are fifteen double lessons, each followed by a test-paper; in Latin and Greek there are also papers on Authors and Special Periods. The whole ground is thus completely covered.

The course may be commenced any time after January.

### B.A. Honours Examination.

(In 1888 four students took Honours.)

For B.A. Honours the remarks at the top of the page headed "Master of Arts Examination" (p. 20. Prospectus) apply: one, two, or three years being necessary according to a student's knowledge on joining.

**Mathematics.**—By those who have worked up to Inter. Arts Pass standard only, 90 lessons should be taken, spread over about three years. Fee £15. 15s.

Assuming a knowledge of B.A. Pass subjects, two years might suffice for the 60 lessons (several parts to each). Fee £11. 11s.

Students who took Honours at Inter. Arts, not below the Second Class, 30 lessons. Fee £6. 6s.

Students not falling in any of these three classes will be treated according to the number of lessons required.

**French or Mental and Moral Science.**—Forty-five lessons (not including the Pass Course). Fee £9. 9s.

In **English** there are 30 Lessons, covering all required for Honours, including the Pass subjects, fee £4. 4s.; or 15 Lessons may be taken on the Honours subjects not required for Pass, at a fee of £2. 12s. 6d.

**Classics.**—The full course preparing for B.A. Honours consists of 60 lessons. Fee £11. 11s. Students who have taken Honours in Latin at Inter. Arts may dispense with some or all of the Latin Papers, according to their proficiency on joining. In such cases a proportionate fee will be charged.

# University Correspondence College.

## SELF-PREPARATION COURSES. For Matriculation, Inter. Arts, and B.A.

Students who do not wish to go to the expense of being fully prepared, but who wish to know the scope of the Examination, the principal points to be attended to, and to regulate their reading and economize time, may take

### Self-Preparation Courses.

For Self-Preparation, weekly lessons are given, each consisting of a scheme for study, selections from text-books, distinction of important points, hints, notes on difficult and salient portions, &c., and illustrative examples with selected text-book exercises in Mathematics. At the end of the week a Test Paper (compiled from previous Examination Papers in fixed subjects) for self-examination is provided, and followed by complete solutions to it. The differences between these and other courses are, that students' answers have *not* to be sent to the tutor, and special arrangements have to be made as to solution of difficulties. The lessons are sent out on the same dates as in the Ordinary and Special Courses; or by arrangement commencing any time up to the month before the Exam., so proving useful for revision.

Self-Preparation Courses are intended mainly for students who are taking Full Preparation in some subjects, but who feel that they do not require so much help in their stronger subjects.

### Fees for Self-Preparation Courses.

(Postages, as in other Classes, included.)

### MATRICULATION.

Two Subjects	£	s.	d.
Special Course	1	1	0
Ordinary Course	1	11	6
Additional for each Subject	0	10	6
Composition Fee for all Subjects	2	12	6
Special Course	2	12	6
Ordinary Course	3	3	0

### INTER. ARTS.

Any single Subject	1	1	9
Three Subjects	2	12	6
Composition Fee for all Subjects	4	4	0

### BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Single Subjects	2	2	0
Composition Fee for all Subjects	5	15	0

# University Correspondence College.

## MASTER OF ARTS EXAMINATION.

(In 1889 two of our students passed in Branch I.)

[Abridged from the M.A. Prospectus.]

**Branch I.: Classics.**—The course embraces papers on Authors; History; Greek, Latin and English Prose Composition; and Grammar, together with trial passages for Unseen Translation.

The amount of time devoted to each of these subjects is proportionate to the importance attached to it at the examination.

The papers on Authors are 110 in number. Of these, 21 are assigned to Latin Prose-writers, 29 to Latin Poets, 6 to Greek Historians, 9 to Greek Orators, 16 to Greek Philosophers, and 29 to Greek Poets.

Each author-paper deals, on the average, with about 1,500 lines of verse or a somewhat larger amount of prose. Difficult and important passages are set for the student to translate in writing, and his version is revised by the tutor. Lists of *notabilia*, suitable for revision before the examination, are given, and the notes of the edition selected as a text-book supplemented. Lists of rare words, and miscellaneous hints on subject-matter, metre, &c., also form part of these papers. In the case of some authors, of which no handy edition has hitherto appeared in England, fuller notes accompany the lesson-papers.

For a detailed scheme of the course, see M.A. Prospectus.

<i>First Stage.</i>	Fee	...	...	...	...	...	...	£6	6	0
<i>Second Stage.</i>	Fee	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	6	0

Only half of these will be needed by a student who took good Honours at Inter., and neither Stage I. nor Stage II. is necessary to an average B.A. Honourman.

<i>Composition Fee</i> for Stages I. and II.	...	...	...	11	11	0
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<i>Third Stage</i> , preparing for M.A., and assuming an attainment of B.A. Honours work.	Fee	...	...	10	10	0
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<i>Composition Fee</i> for the Three Stages	...	...	...	21	0	0
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**Branch II.: Mathematics.**—The College course so closely follows the University regulations that it is not considered necessary to show the arrangements here. The number of papers and lessons in each subject is determined by its importance in the Examination and its difficulty.

<i>First Stage</i> , equivalent to the Inter. Arts Honours Course, assuming only the B.A. Pass Course, which it however recapitulates.	Fee	...	...	...	6	6	0
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<i>Second Stage</i> , requiring knowledge of First Stage, and leading up to B.A. Honours standard, and recapitulating previous work.	Fee	...	...	...	6	6	0
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<i>Composition Fee</i> for Stages I. and II.	...	...	...	11	11	0
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<i>Third Stage</i> , being the additional subjects required for M.A., and revision of previous stages.	Fee	...	...	10	10	0
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<i>Composition Fee</i> for the Three Stages	...	...	...	21	0	0
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# University Correspondence College.

(In 1888, one of our students headed the M.A. list in Branch III.)

**Branch III.: Mental and Moral Science.**—The full course is divided into two stages, a complete plan of which is given in the M.A. Prospectus.

	£	s.	d.
<i>First Stage, B.A. Honours subjects, excluding authors</i> ...	6	6	0
<i>Second Stage, assuming B.A. Honours standard</i> ...	10	10	0

**Branch IV.**—The first stage comprises 30 papers in each language, the second stage 15 longer papers in each.

The plan followed in the English section naturally differs very materially from the one pursued in French or German.

In English, greater stress is laid in the 30 papers of the first stage on language than on literature, because that part of the subject demands more specific knowledge and more scientific methods. Language, including A.S., E. and M. E., therefore, appropriates two-thirds of the papers, the remainder being devoted to literature. In the second stage, on the other hand, the papers are about equally divided between the two parts of the subject. In the whole English course, attention is not squandered on minor names that would only be of importance in a special period (the range of the exam. is too wide for such treatment), but the most prominent writers of each epoch are selected for special study of themselves, their works, and the times in which they lived.

In a foreign language, say French, the lines of the M.A. examination are closely followed in every one of the 45 papers, that is to say, each paper contains:—(1.)\* Translation into English, including Idioms (1st paper at M.A.), (2) Modern Grammar (1st paper at M.A.), (3) Old French (2nd paper at M.A.), (4) Historical Grammar (2nd paper at M.A.), (5) Retranslation, including Idioms (3rd paper at M.A.), (6) History of French Literature (4th paper at M.A.), (7) Original Composition in French (4th paper at M.A.). Each of these seven sections is graduated in difficulty throughout the whole course, and here, as in English, the most difficult portions of the subject (e.g., the *Charçon de Roland* in Old French) are reserved for the second stage. As an instance of the thoroughness with which the course is planned, it may be mentioned that in the whole French course 480 French idioms and 480 English idioms are given for translation.

Each test-paper is accompanied by a paper containing notes, hints, suggestions, and the advice of a specialist on the reading for the next paper.

	£	s.	d.
<i>First Stage, equivalent to B.A. Honours</i> ...	11	11	0
<i>Second Stage, assuming a knowledge of the work of First Stage</i> ...	10	10	0
<i>Composition Fee for both Stages</i> ...	21	0	0

*Residence at Burlington House (see page 26) is recommended to Candidates for M.A.*

\* Every third paper only in Stage II.

# University Correspondence College.

## INTER. SCIENCE and B.Sc. EXAMS.

The difficulty of preparing for the practical part of these Examinations, and arrangements which have been made to meet this, are mentioned on the next page, under Prelim. Sci. and M.B. Examinations.

### Intermediate Science.

(In July, 1888, Nine out of Eleven Students passed this and Prel. Sci.)

(In July, 1889, 21 passed, 5 of whom took Honours.)

The General Method of Work is here supplemented by drawings, salts for analysis, and other practical aids.

(1) **Pure Mathematics.**—See pp. 12, 14, under *Inter. Arts.*

(2) **Mixed Mathematics.**—Fifteen Lessons, according to "General Method of Work" ... ... ... Fee 1 11 6  
Self-Preparation Course ... ... ... ... 1 1 0

(3) **Chemistry.\***—Thirty Lessons, on the usual plan in Theoretical Chemistry, and salts for analysis sent. Fee 3 3 0  
The Practical work can easily be done at home after a few practical lessons have been taken.

Honours Chemistry (assuming Pass requirements) ... 5 5 0  
(4) **Physics.†**—The Course (excluding Mechanics) consists of thirty lessons ... ... ... ... Fee 3 3 0

Students not entering for the Mixed Mathematics Course may take the Mechanics required for the Physics paper separately, at a fee of one guinea.

Honours Physics ... ... ... ... ... 5 5 0  
(5) **Biology.\***—For Biology, see page following this in Prospectus under Prel. Sci. ... ... ... ... 3 3 0  
Full preparation for Inter. Science Pass ... ... 12 12 0

### B.Sc. Examination.

The General Method of Work is supplemented as for Inter. Science, and the remarks at the top of the page and under the head of Inter. Sc. Biology, as to the possibility of working up the practical part privately, apply.

Any single Subject ... ... ... ... £5 5 0

In Pure and Mixed Mathematics and Mental and Moral Science there are forty lessons, in other subjects thirty.

Full preparation for the Examination ... £12 12 0

For Mathematical Honours, see page 18 under B.A. Honours, the two Examinations being the same.

Mental and Moral Science Honours.

Fee:—Forty-five lessons ... ... ... ... £9 9 0

Or thirty lessons, without the authors set 6 6 0

A knowledge of Pass requirements is expected from Honours students.

\* Evening and Saturday morning Demonstrations and Classes for practical work are held (during the Session 1889-90) at the London Lecture Rooms, Strand Hotel Buildings, Booksellers Row, W.C. Fees on application.

† A Class will meet daily at the London Lecture Rooms during the week before each Examination for practical work. Fee 10s. 6d., Correspondents free.

## University Correspondence College.

**PRELIM. SCI., INTER. MEDICINE & M.B. EXAMS.**

Some of the subjects taught for I.T. are: (i) the use of computers in other subjects, (ii) elements of practical work which can be done in I.T., (iii) the use of I.T. in teaching and learning, (iv) subjects in Mathematics, Statistics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, etc.

## Preliminary Scientific Examinations.

(1) **Chemistry.**—See preceding page, under Int. Sc., the Regulations for the two Examinations being the same in this subject.

(2) **Physics.**—See preceding page, under Int. Sc.

(2) **Physics.**—See preceding page, under Int. Sc.

(3) <b>Biology.</b> * - In this subject numerous sketches are provided. Fee for the Theoretical Course, thirty lessons	£	s.	d.
Additional fee for direction of Practical work ...	3	3	0
Honours Botany ... ... ... ...	1	1	0
Honours Zoology ... ... ... ...	5	5	0

In spite of a desire to respond to his call, at the moment I am unable to do so, but I hope to do so in the future. I am grateful to the help offered by the Royal Holloway and Bedford University, with whom I have been in contact at the start, and I am greatly obliged to them. There are Classes for Practical Work in London, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Sheffield, and Edinburgh, provided by the Education Department. Students who are fortunate enough to receive such systematic help may, of course, go to these schools, or to any of a number of other London.

### Inter. Medicine Examination.

Inter. Medicine Examination.					£	s.	d.
Anatomy, 30 lessons	...	...	...	...	5	5	0
Physiology and Histology, 30 lessons	...	...	...	...	5	5	0
Organic Chemistry, 30 lessons	...	...	...	...	5	5	0
Materia Medica, 15 lessons	...	...	...	...	3	3	0
Composition Fee for two or more subjects	...	...	...	...			
"        " for all subjects	...	...	...	...	15	15	0

Honours Courses at double these fees. Parts may be taken proportionately.

## **Bachelor of Medicine Examination.**

Medicine, Pathology, Therapeutics, and Hygiene	6	6	0
Surgery, Obstetric Medicine or Forensic Medicine	6	6	0
Composition Fee for all subjects including directions for testing for the Forensic Medicine	21	0	0

Private tuition is given in London by Mr. W. H. EVANS, M.D., B.Sc., First Class Honours at M.B.; and Mr. FERNANDO, M.B., B.Sc. (three Gold Medals and First Class Honours in six subjects).

\* Evening and Sunday School Demonstrations and Classes for practical work are held during the Session 1889-90 at the Lecture Rooms, Strand Hotel Buildings, Bockenham Row, W.C. Fees on application.

# University Correspondence College.

## LAW, MUSIC, SCRIPTURAL, AND TEACHERS' DIPLOMA EXAMINATIONS.

### Law Examinations.

Students are prepared for these Examinations by a Professor of Roman Law (Lond.) who has recently had several students at the head of the London LL.B. Lists.

#### Inter. LL.B.

Constitutional History...	£3	13	6
Jurisprudence ...	3	13	6
Roman Law ...	6	16	6
Composition Fee for all Subjects ...	12	12	0

Honours fees on application.

#### LL.B.

Fee for the whole course ... ... ... ... £15 15 0

For LL.B. it is not desirable that any subject should be worked outside the College; but, in special cases, single subjects may be taken at a little more than the proportionate fee.

Honours fees on application.

### Music Examinations.

Our tutor for these examinations is one of the two Doctors of Music of London.

#### Inter. B.Mus. Examination.

Fee for all subjects ... ... ... ... £12 12 0  
Single subjects may be taken.

#### B.Mus. Examination.

Fee for all subjects ... ... ... ... £15 15 0  
Single subjects may be taken.

Dr. Walker is also willing to assist students reading for the Doctorate.

### Scriptural Examinations.

Candidates may be prepared for these Examinations in any or all of the subjects; the Scriptural part of the course is taken by a Prizeman. Fees according to requirements.

### Teachers' Diploma.

Two of our tutors have the Teachers' Diploma of London, one being an M.A. (first of his year in Branch IV.) and the other a D.Sc. Another has had considerable experience in lecturing on Education, and is a University Examiner.

# University Correspondence College.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES FOR EXAMINATION.

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1. Applications for Forms of Entry must be made to the Registrar *by letter only*, and *not less than five weeks* before the first day of the Examination.
2. Every Candidate's Form of Entry, duly filled up, must be returned to the Registrar *not less than four weeks*, nor *more than six weeks*, before the commencement of the Examination, and with it, *in the same cover*, must be sent (a) the Candidate's *Certificate of Age* (when required) and (b) his *Fee* for the Examination.
3. A Candidate's name will not be placed on the List of Candidates unless his *Form of Entry*, *Certificate of Age* (but see 5 below), and *Fee* shall have been received at the University *on or before the Fourth Monday* before the commencement of the Examination, on which day the List will be closed.
4. As soon as possible after the closing of the List, each Candidate's Certificate and Fee will be acknowledged, his Certificate will be returned, and a Number, by which he is to be designated throughout the Examination, will be assigned to him.
5. Candidates who have previously entered for the Examination need not produce their Certificates of Age a second time.
6. The age of a Candidate with regard to entry is reckoned up to and inclusive of the first day of the several Examinations, that day being computed to fall as late as the Regulations will allow. The two dates, in the case of the Matriculation Examinations, are January 14th and June 14th. Only such persons, therefore, as shall have *completed their sixteenth year* on or before one or the other of those dates will be admissible to the January or the June Examination, as the case may be.

# University Correspondence College.

## RESIDENT BRANCH.

**Resident Students** are taken at **Burlington House, Cambridge**, for all Examinations, at any time of the year, at the rate of thirty guineas for a term of twelve weeks.

**Non-resident Students** can receive private oral teaching at the rate of two-and-a-half guineas for ten lessons, and two guineas for every additional ten lessons for which arrangements are made at the same time with the first.

## ORAL REVISION CLASSES.

Courses of **daily lectures** in each subject, supplemented by private tuition whenever such a course is deemed advisable, are given as follows:—

**For Matriculation.**—Three weeks before the January Examination. Fee five guineas. Correspondents, four-and-a-half guineas.

**For Intermediate Arts.**—One month before the Exam. Fee seven guineas. Correspondents, six guineas.

**For Bachelor of Arts.**—A month beginning August 5th. Fee seven guineas. Correspondents, six guineas. Also twelve weeks, beginning the same date. Fee fifteen guineas. Correspondents, fourteen guineas.

(In August, 1889, Twenty-three B.A. students were in residence.)

The arrangements for 1890 will be similar to those carried out in 1889, a description of which, with a list of the Oral Tutors, can be obtained on application.

In these revision classes such higher parts of the subjects as students may not have previously read are treated fully.

**For Master of Arts** the fee is six guineas a month for daily lessons at any time of the year.

Board and lodging can be provided for a limited number of students at a charge of from one guinea per week.

The Boating and Tennis Clubs are open to both resident and non-resident students.

Intending resident pupils are requested to communicate with the Principal well in advance, when he will advise them how to spend the interim in order to derive the fullest advantage from their residence at **Burlington House, Cambridge**.

Private tuition can also be obtained in **London** for most subjects of University Exams., including M.A. and M.B.

# University Correspondence College.

## ORAL CLASSES AND TUITION IN LONDON.

### Matriculation and Inter. Arts.

Evening Classes are held at the **London Lecture Rooms**, Strand Hotel Buildings, Booksellers Row, W.C., in preparation for each Matriculation and Intermediate Arts Examinations. Fees on application.

### Inter. Sc. and Prel. Sci.

Evening and Saturday morning Demonstrations and Classes for practical work in Chemistry and Biology are held during the Session 1889-90, at the London Lecture Rooms. A Class will also meet daily during the week before each Examination for practical work in Physics.

### TUTORS.

**S. MOSES**, Esq., M.A. Oxon., B.A. Lond., First Class Honours London and Oxford (Double), Exhibitioner in Latin at Inter. Arts, First in Honours at Matriculation; Editor of *Cicero De Amicitia* and *Pro Ballo*.

**G. W. BLANCHFLOWER**, Esq., B.A., Honours in Classics and English (Mr. Blanchflower has had two pupils at the head of the Matriculation List and one second within the last three years).

**W. A. TARRANT**, Esq., B.A. Lond., First Class Honours in French.

**ROBERT BRYANT**, Esq., D.Sc. Lond., B.A. Lond., Assistant-Examiner in Mathematics at London University.

**H. M. FERNANDO**, Esq., B.Sc. Lond., M.B. Lond., First Class Honours in six subjects and three gold medals.

**H. K. TOMPKINS**, Esq., B.Sc. Lond., F.C.S., F.I.C., Honours in Chemistry at B.Sc.

Assisted by other graduates in high Honours and experienced in teaching.

### Private Tuition.

Private Tuition may be obtained in most subjects for London University Examinations, at the London Lecture Rooms, Booksellers Row, Strand, at the rate of one guinea for four or five lessons, according to subject and examination. Arrangements may be made with the Secretary, either personally or by letter.

Further particulars are given in the **Prospectus of Oral Classes**, which may be had on application to the Secretary, Strand Hotel Buildings, Booksellers Row, Strand, W.C.

# University Correspondence College.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

*The Educational Times* says:—"The University Correspondence College, a new but useful and thriving adjunct to the ordinary educational machinery."

*The Schoolmaster* says:—"The tutors of the University Correspondence College have provided a complete system of tuition by Correspondence."

*The Journal of Education*, speaking of University Correspondence College, says:—"It has so often been our duty to expose the impostors who offer their services for this examination (Matriculation) that it is pleasant to certify to one competent guide."

*The School Guardian* says:—"The University Correspondence College, whose headquarters are at Cambridge, is now pretty widely known all over the the country as a coaching ins itution."

*The School Board Chronicle* says:—"The University Correspondence College has earned high distinction among students."

*The Leeds Mercury* says:—"It needed the authority of the Postmaster-General to start the experiment which is being made of the use of postage stamps as an incentive to thrift: but, for some time back, postage stamps have been largely used without official sanction at all—none, indeed, being needed—for, in a sense, as practical and in all respects as useful an end. They have been the passport of a system of education which, although conducted in writing, has yet been attended with the results that follow oral teaching, for the persons who have taken advantage of the scheme have found themselves qualified to go successfully through the ordeal of examination.

"There is not a district within the limits of the United Kingdom where the letter-carrier cannot be met on his daily round. He, then, is the janitor of this singular Educational Institution. Wherever he is to be found the work can be carried on, and is actually being carried on. There are men and women in large centres of population who desire to continue their studies, but whose spare time does not correspond with the hours at which class-teaching is usually given; and to their case, as well as to that of the inmates of distant and lonely houses, the plan of education by post addresses itself. Moreover, there is a class of persons who, having left school, are willing enough, and possibly eager, to continue their studies and keep abreast of the progress of thought, but who shrink from encountering the attrition of the class-room. To them also this system is a ready and open door leading to honest and carefully directed private study."

# University Correspondence College.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS OF RESULTS

OF

LONDON UNIVERSITY

## EXAMINATIONS.

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The Secretary of University Correspondence College undertakes to inform any private student who is a Candidate at Matriculation, Intermediate Arts, or Bachelor of Arts, of the Result of the Examination, provided that—

**Name** and **Number**, with addressed and *stamped* envelope or telegram form, be sent to him at the London Office, Strand Hotel Buildings, Booksellers Row, W.C., not later than *three days before* the date announced for publication of the list concerned. By this means a private student can generally learn the result at least **two days before he receives the Pass List** from the Registrar of the University.

In telegrams, "Found" will be sent for *Passed*, and "Wanting" for *Failed*.

To any Candidate who sends his Name, Examination Number, and Address not later than *three days before* the publication of the Pass List, a Copy of the *Guide*, which contains, in addition to other useful matter, the Papers set at his Examination, reprinted in a form suitable for preservation, together with the latest issue of the *Guide* to the next higher Examination, in which advice on the best text-books and editions of the special subjects is given, will be presented; also, at each Matriculation Examination, a Copy of the *Intermediate Directory* will be sent to all whose names appear in the Honours division, and Two Prizes of Two Guineas each—one in money, the other in books—are awarded to the Private Students who take the two highest places among those who have applied as above.

# University Correspondence College.

## THE TUTORIAL SERIES

Consists of HANDBOOKS for the Examinations of the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, and embraces—

BOOK GUIDES and DIRECTORIES (issued periodically);  
ANNOTATED EDITIONS of Latin, Greek, and English Authors;  
Literal TRANSLATIONS of Latin, Greek, and Old English Authors;  
VOCABULARIES to Latin and Greek Classics;  
SYNOPSIS of Ancient and Modern HISTORY;  
Reprints of EXAMINATION PAPERS;  
Guides to the Study of LATIN, GREEK, and MATHEMATICS;  
Guides to the Study of SCIENCE; &c., &c.

The above works are specially prepared to meet the requirements of the various London University Examinations by Tutors of UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE. A complete catalogue may be had on application to the Publishers, Messrs. W. B. CLIVE & CO., Booksellers Row, Strand, London.

The *Schoolmaster*, of May 21st, 1887, says:—“This series of Guides to the Examinations of London University will prove extremely serviceable to candidates. They are—as Guides should be—confessedly limited in scope, but they give just the kind of direction and advice that a student needs, pointing out the most reliable, helpful, and recent sources of information, and plainly indicating points of special importance. In the Mathematical Guides for Matriculation and the Intermediate, the syllabus is divided up into weekly or fortnightly portions, and all the handbooks give sets of examination questions, with solutions to the exercises in mathematics. Drawn up in a useful and workmanlike fashion, the books give abundant proof of sound scholarship specialised and applied to the requirements of the London examinations. Speaking from the recollection of our own undergraduate days, it is painfully evident that such works as these would have saved us many an hour's hard and profitless grind. We can unreservedly commend the series, believing that such aids, supplemented by judicious teaching in weak subjects, may place a London degree within reach of a considerable number of our readers.”

The *Educational Journal*, of the same date, says:—“These books save the student an immense labour, and, being from the pens of professional scholars, the information is not only correctly stated, but easily understood.”

The *School Board Chronicle* says:—“The University Correspondence College Tutorial Guides have gained a great reputation.”

The *Educational Times* says:—“The Tutorial Series is the best of its kind.”

# University Correspondence College.

## ABSENCE OF FAILURES.

While above

170

students of Univ. Corr. Coll.

passed University Examinations during  
the two months June and July, 1889.

less than 5 per cent. failed of those who worked fully,  
or nearly so, through the Ordinary Course.

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The successes at the various Exams. of London University are given on page 52 of this Prospectus.

## NOTE.

As Correspondence students are generally children of an older growth, they do not care to have their names blazed abroad as pupils, and we therefore refrain from publishing a list of references and reprinting testimonials, of which we have hundreds of the most laudatory kind. Many successful students have, nevertheless, been so kind as to offer to answer any questions with regard to the College which intending correspondents may care to put, and references to these will be given to any who really wish for them.

We, moreover, rest our claims to the student's confidence on the comparison which he can make for himself between our reprints of the Pass Lists and those issued by the University; e.g., the best Intermediate Arts and Matriculation Lists, in each of which he will find the names of more than **seventy** University Correspondence College students, and the B.A., where over 15 per cent. of the whole list belong to us.

At the Matriculation Examination of January, 1889, all other Correspondence Classes together show only **one** success on the University List.

# University Correspondence College.

## CHIEF SUCCESSES DURING THE PAST YEAR.

### AT MATRICULATION, JUNE, 1889,

78 Students passed.

### AT INTER. ARTS, 1889,

Over 71 Students passed;

Eleven in Honours, two with first places, and one with a second place.

21 also passed the Inter. Sc. and Prel. Sci. Exams.,  
five in Honours.

### AT B.A., 1888,

Four Students took Honours.

33 Students passed;

Being a larger number than was ever before passed by any Institution.

A copy of the Matric., Inter. Arts, or B.A. Pass List will be sent  
post free on application.

### AT M.A., 1889,

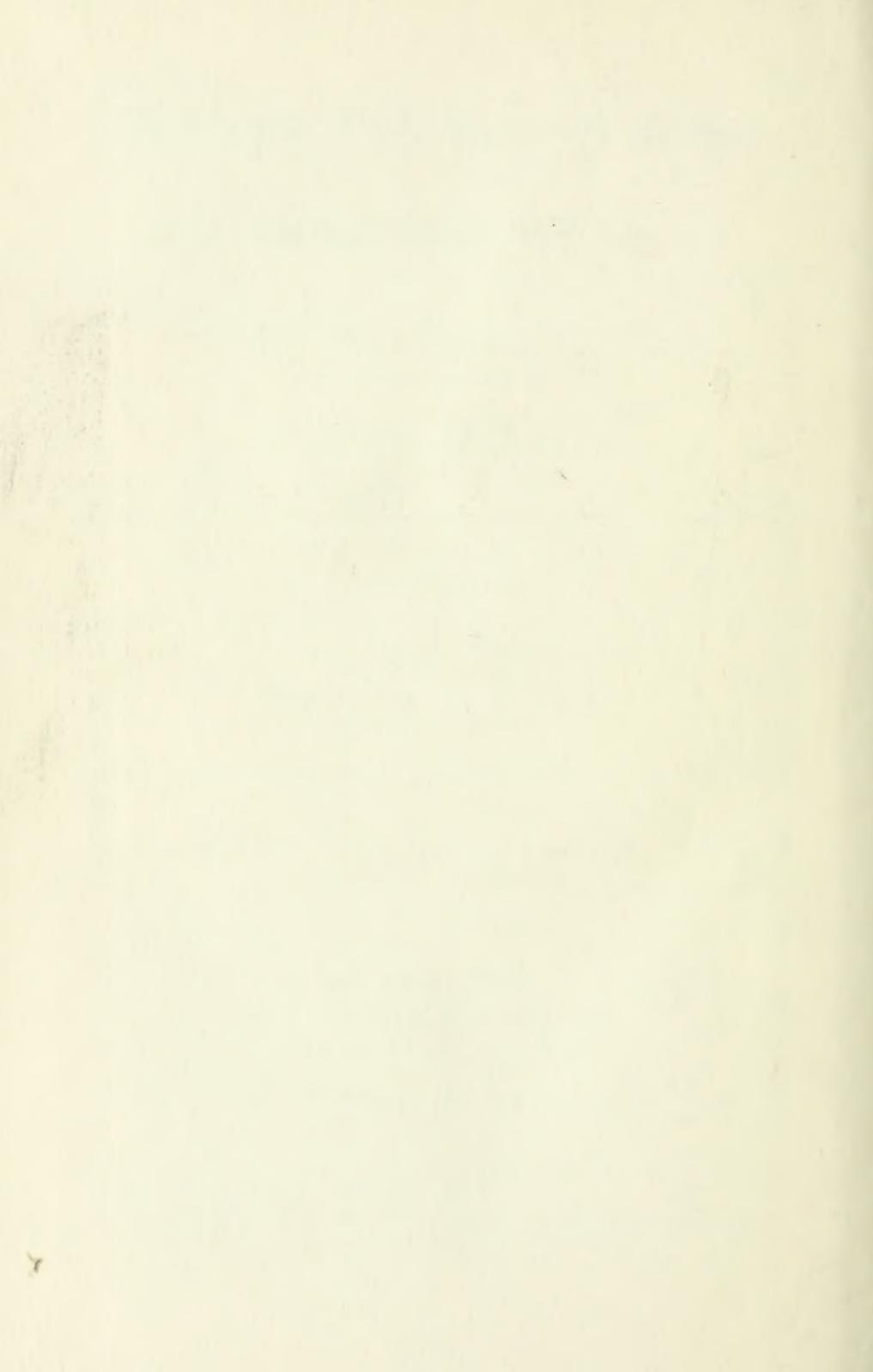
Two Students of Univ. Corr. Coll.  
passed in Branch I., and in 1888

One headed the Mental and Moral Science List.

Further information on application to—

THE SECRETARY, London Office, Strand Hotel Buildings, W.C.





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NAME OF BORROWER.	

Mr. J. J. Mellencamp  
1659 New York  
JUN 3 1968

